



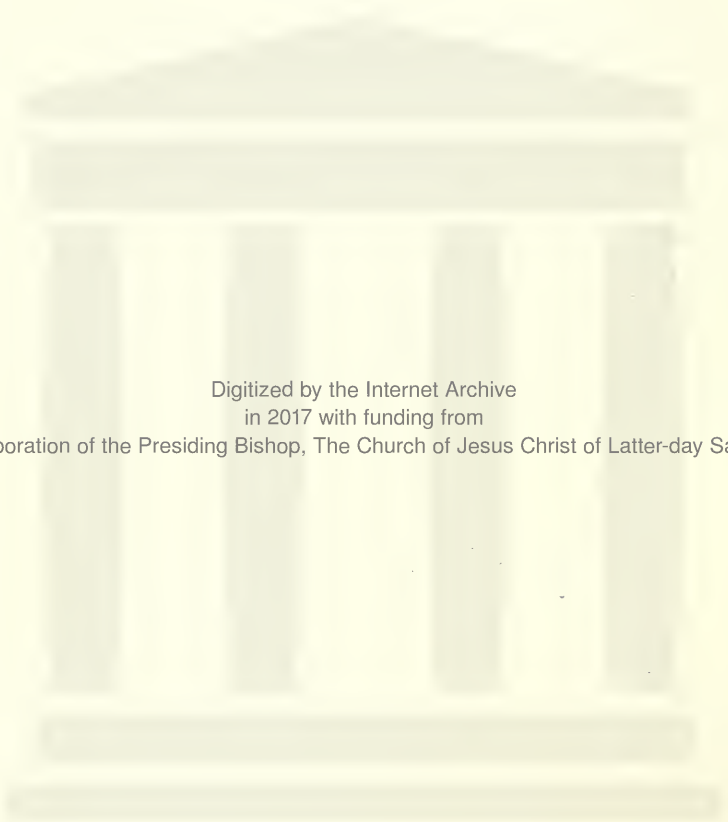


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YOUNG AT HEART

**Mary Hatch Gibbons
and
Marion Vinson Gibbons
1915 - 1965**



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GENERAL INVESTIGATION
OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Y O U N G A T H E A R T

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MARY JANE HATCH GIBBONS
October 27, 1893
Taylor, Navajo County, Arizona

MARION VINSON GIBBONS
November 22, 1888
St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona

YOUNG AT HEART

We don't know what he said
When he asked her to wed
Fifty years ago.
Did he woo her with money
And say, "I love you, honey"
Fifty years ago?
Did he promise her the stars,
Trips to Venus and Mars?
Or a life filled with joys,
Shared by eight girls and boys?
No, we think---just maybe
He said, "Dear Lady"
Won't you come along with me

AND

Be my life's companion
And you'll never grow old,
Never grow old--no, you'll
 never grow old.
Love and joy and happiness
Are yours to have and hold.
Be my life's companion
And you'll never grow old.

--Music "Young at Heart" and "Be My Life's Companion". Words to "Young at Heart" written by Leona Gibbons for the Golden Wedding Celebration. Sung by the M. H. Gibbons family.

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FIFTY GOLDEN YEARS

The wedding party was scheduled to leave Taylor, Arizona, June 7, 1915. Dad had to get to Taylor from Woodruff somehow. He finally mounted his trusty bicycle and rode to the main road leading to Holbrook about seven miles from Woodruff. There was a terrible blizzard of snow and rain. He caught a ride from there on with John Flake in a strip-down Ford carrying the mail. For the ride from Taylor to Holbrook the bridegroom hired Uncle Jim Shumway's fancy buggy to drive them to the train. Grandma Hatch had packed a nice lunch of fried chicken and all the trimmings for them to take with them and they must have cut quite a swath as they boarded the train with Grandpa Gibbons going along as chaperon. Grandpa had a double purpose in accompanying them. On reaching Salt Lake City he entered a hospital and had cataracts removed from his eyes. After entraining at Holbrook, they went to Needles, California and there changed cars for the trip into Salt Lake City. While waiting for the train to move on in Needles, Dad gallantly bought Mom a string of beads from an Indian squaw and draped them around her neck. He didn't realize that those beads had spent hours in the sun and were hot enough to almost blister Mom's neck.

Also on the train with Dad and Mom were Burton Smith and Jessie Ballard, couple from Snowflake, who were also going to Salt Lake to be married in the Temple. Arrangements were made for Mom and Jessie to sleep together in one room the first night and Dad and Burton to occupy an adjoining room. However, the Smiths went through the temple on June 10th, but the folks had to take Grandpa Gibbons to the hospital and didn't get to the temple until the next day, June 11th. This fouled up the sleeping arrangements and Mom found herself in a strange room all by herself. It was a shabby hotel and some of the patrons

didn't look too respectable. Mom and Dad hid their valuables in the bedpost for safekeeping.

After they were married and had finished the temple ceremony, they went back to their hotel and Mom assumed that she would be treated to a fine wedding feast. Instead, Dad confessed to her that he was stone broke. A Snowflake businessman had convinced him that it was foolish for him to carry money on himself and that he should have the money forwarded to Salt Lake where Dad could pick it up at a bank. When Dad tried to claim his money, he had no way of identifying himself. After much worrying, Grandpa Gibbons called President Heber J. Grant, whom he knew, and through him, Dad proved that he was in fact M. V. Gibbons and got his money. In the meantime, they were so hungry they picked the bones of Grandma Hatch's fried chicken for the second time and were most grateful for them.

After they got their money, they shook the dust of Salt Lake from their boots and went to San Pedro, California; there to stay with Mom's brother, George, and his good wife, Dora, while they saw the sights of California and enjoyed a honeymoon.

They honeymooned until their money was spent, which took three weeks. They swam in the ocean where Dad was almost drowned when caught in an undertow and carried out to sea. They spent a lot of time and money at Venice Beach on the Rollercoaster. On the day they arrived back in Holbrook, Mom needed a package of pins but Dad was just too broke to buy them for her. They had to catch a free ride back up to Taylor.

They lived in Aunt Orpha's house the rest of the summer while she spent her summer between school terms in Woodruff. They remember with mixed emotions a trip they took to the mountains a week after they had returned from the honeymoon. They went with Dad's brother, Andy, and his wife, Addie, in a wagon. Mom's

brother, Ezra, and his future wife, Flora, went along on horseback. Mom had fixed such a lot of food and tucked it in their grub box--the only thing was, Dad forgot to put in the grub box and they had it pretty slim with the others sharing their food with them. Dad says it rained every minute they were gone and then didn't rain a drop the rest of the summer.

In the fall, they moved to a house owned by Orthello Bates and it was here that Helen was born on April 9, 1916. Dad taught seventh and eighth grades and was Principal in the Taylor school that year. This was his second year of teaching. He got his teaching certificate by taking a teaching examination given by the State. They set up housekeeping with borrowed furniture from relatives. They slept on one shuck mattress and one feather one. When Helen was born, there was no place for her to sleep but with Mom and Dad and so that was where all the babies slept until the next in line made his appearance. Mom could sleep with a baby on her arm, turn over with the baby going to the other arm, and never wake up. Much to Mom's delight, Helen was a pretty little girl with dark hair. Daddy was always pleased over a new baby. At that time, Dad's salary was \$100.00 per month and they thought they couldn't afford the \$3.00 per month they were paying for rent, so they moved in with Grandma and Grandpa Hatch. Marion was born here, April 10, 1918.

The first World War was raging and Mom's brother, Lafe, went to France in 1917 as a doughboy. In the summer of 1918, Mom's brother, Jack, and Dad decided to go in together and move to a ranch five miles east of Pinedale and dry farm pinto beans. The two families had to watch their rationed sugar and such foods because of the war.

The two families enjoyed each other and had some good times. Mom's brother, Grant, came up to the ranch to help kill bean bugs in order to earn a little money

for the 4th of July celebration. Dad would give him a nickel to bite a bean bug in two with his teeth. Mom's sister, Ann, Idell Hatch Solomon and Irene Hatch Hayes came up to visit. Dad would organize a game of Par-cheesi and the loser had to allow a dab of coyote bait put on the end of his nose. The smell was fierce and just had to wear off by itself.

At the end of the summer, in August of 1918, they all moved back to Taylor, and Mom and Dad went back to live with her folks. This was the time of the great flu epidemic and there were twelve new graves added to the Taylor cemetery. Grandma Hatch was the first person in town to get it. Almost everyone in the house had it--Dad was down for twenty days--Mom fifteen days. Helen had flu complicated by pneumonia. This was the awful siege when Uncle Lan tried to revive Grandma from a faint with a glass of molasses in her face and Mom stooped to stealing an orange. After all were better, they moved back to Pinedale to start school but "Little Marion" came down with flu and pneumonia. There hadn't been any cases of flu in Pinedale up to that time and so none of the townspeople would come in to help. Marion was so desperately ill, Dad got to a phone and asked Uncle Jack to come and bring a nurse, Sister Nelson. They arrived in Pinedale at 4:00 a.m. in 33 inches of snow, riding in a wagon lined with heated rocks. The family was bundled up in the wagon and returned to Taylor. Dad had to make the trip back to Pinedale alone on horseback.

Mom and children moved into two rooms in Aunt Becky's home. Her husband had just died with the flu. Marion Jr. would cry so much and in would come Aunt Becky and pick up the baby, saying, "Bless your little heart; Aunt Becky won't let you cry"--then, "Here, Mary, take this baby, I've just got to go." So, Mom would have to stop and tend him.

January 13, 1920 was a snowy, cold day but Katy decided to make her arrival. Just as with the arrival

of Helen and Marion, we were thrilled as we could be over a new baby. In the spring of that year, the family moved to Woodruff to farm and so Dad could teach school. The farming didn't do too well but Dad was a born teacher and was always successful at that. Katy was now quite a big girl and so LaVelle decided to make her appearance. Mom was all alone. This was July 1, 1922. Her painful trip for help brought no one, and Dad, finally coming home, found her in the worst need of help. Just as he arrived home with a midwife, LaVelle made her first earthly sound. Mom says she was a beautiful, little, blonde girl.

Near the first of February, 1923, we received word from St. Johns that Dad's father had had a severe cerebral hemorrhage. Dad was getting ready to go to him when Norma started to make her entrance into the world. At first, it was assumed that all would be normal but as time went by, the nurse told Dad, "I've done all I can and it's too late to get a doctor from Holbrook." Dad insisted that she see the birth through so in desperation she literally pulled the baby from Mom. The nurse hadn't thought the baby would be alive and for three weeks her life hung by a thread. We named this frail little girl Norma and in time she grew into a healthy child. Norma was born on February 10, 1923, and in the spring of that same year Dad moved his family back to St. Johns.

We lived in the old Dietzman place, just north of where Claude Harris' garage now stands. Later, Dad bought his first home, on a corner lot just opposite the Dietzman place. Dad taught the winter of 1923-1924 in St. Johns and then moved back to Taylor where he bought and moved into the "Eagar Place," south of the old Butler home. With all this moving it might be well to note here that in the course of their married life, they have moved 34 times. This time they stayed put for quite a while--until 1928. During this time, Dad was required to attend summer school in Flagstaff and it was here in the summer of 1925, on July 30th, that

Jack was born. He was a big, healthy nine-pound boy and it was a good thing he was so strong because when he was two weeks old he had quite an experience. Dad's school was out and the family came to Holbrook on the train to be met by Dad's good friend, Jesse DeWitt, who loaded the family into a stripped-down Ford for the trip to Woodruff. On the way they were hit by a cloudburst and the tiny baby was soaked along with everyone else. The car reached an old wooden bridge and everyone climbed out and got under the bridge for protection. Instead, streams of muddy water dripped down on them and the adults became afraid that a flash flood might endanger even their lives. Eventually they did get to Woodruff safely and Jack wasn't the least bothered by the soaking.

In the spring of 1928, Dad decided to study law and try and pass the examination given by the Arizona Bar and become a practicing attorney. He went to St. Johns to use the law library in the Apache County Courthouse. Mom was left behind that summer to manage the household and their numerous children. Whooping cough with smallpox vaccination complications almost proved fatal to Jack. In the early fall, the family again pulled up stakes and moved back to St. Johns, with Mom protesting every step of the way. But she did move, and on Sept. 23, 1928, Max was born with a doctor in attendance. Jack and Max were the only two of the family to be privileged to have a doctor at their births.

This time the family stayed in St. Johns. Dad did pass the examination and was admitted to the Arizona Bar in the fall of 1928. Practicing law blended well with school teaching and Dad practiced both professions for many years. Our first home in St. Johns this time was where Ernie Wilbur now lives, then to A. E. Thurber's present home and then on to the Elm Hotel, then to the Gene Naegle home and finally to the old home in the salt grass and the mosquitoes. This is where most of us grew up and thought of as home. Here, Robert Ray was born on May 5, 1935, and as Mom was promised by her

children, the birth didn't hurt a bit. (This was Katy's version, but since I have last say--Helen speaking--I well remember that Mom said that having children was one thing that practice didn't make any easier.) He was probably the most loved and pampered child ever born, but remained unspoiled and lovable. (Another Helen comment--I always felt cheated as I was away to college when Bob was born and never lived at home again, so we were like guests to each other, and only as we grew older did we come to know each other.)

This last home saw all the children but Bob leave to make their lives and homes elsewhere. Where and with whom will appear in separate histories. In 1954, Dad and Mom bought LaVelle and Virgil's old home and moved there where they now reside. They have moved three times to other homes for short periods of time but have now come home to roost for sure. They own an apartment on the main street of St. Johns and lived there a short while. They also owned a home in Mesa, Arizona and moved down there in November, 1959 for what they thought would be a long while. However, after the death of their son-in-law, Virgil Whiting, in March of 1961, they moved back to St. Johns to be with LaVelle. They never got to go back there to live for on August 10, 1962, Dad suffered a stroke and their plans were changed. Since then he has had two major surgeries--one for the removal of a kidney and the other for a bowel obstruction. Today, he has made almost a hundred per cent recovery, with Mom by his side all the way, with all of us praying and helping and with his will to live, and you couldn't close this statement without saying that his sense of humor has played a big part. Today their lives go smoothly along except for an occasional raid by children and grandchildren.

In trying to cover all aspects of the lives of Mom and Dad, we think that from this point on, it might be well to label those aspects and divide them into departments.

Dad's Political Life

In the spring of 1928, Dad decided to come to St. Johns to study law under his brother, Judge Andrew S. Gibbons, Judge of the Apache County Superior Court. He studied for about seven months and in December 1928, took the examination in Phoenix and passed. This was the last time that a law examination of this kind was ever given. From then on, a person wanting to be an attorney had to have a degree in law. Dad taught school and practiced law on the side until 1940, when he was elected County Attorney, taking office on January 1, 1941. He was again elected in 1943, but in order to secure his teacher's pension (which he had worked for for 33 years) he had to resign and return to the teaching profession. This has proven a good decision, and it was just by accident that he found out that he had to be teaching at a certain time to receive it. He dropped in to see the State Superintendent of Schools and he told Dad, "Gibbons, you are walking away from your teacher's pension. You must be teaching at least a month before July 1st or you lose it." Dad came home, got a school through the help of Alma Patterson, and taught a month as physical education teacher. They never had one before nor since.

He taught school until December 1946, when his certificate expired but in the previous fall he had been elected Apache County Attorney, so it all worked out beautifully for Dad as most things in his life have. It was during the early part of this term that Dad was approached by representatives of an organized gambling syndicate. Large sums of money were offered him if he would let them continue to operate as they had been operating in Apache County, particularly in the Sanders area along the route of Highway 66. A Mr. Hendrickson told Dad, "Your salary from the county will be peanuts compared to what they will give you." Dad then made the most noble speech of his life. "Mr.

Hendrickson," he said, "I am a poor man but I can't use money like that." Later that same week, the Attorney General flew up from Phoenix to talk to Dad. He told Dad that gambling was going on, but "Mr. Gibbons, it isn't hurting anyone in this state." Dad replied, "Mr. Attorney General, gambling is illegal in the State of Arizona and I'm not going to permit it in Apache County." Later, arrests were made and the Attorney General was among them. His name was John L. Sullivan. Court was held in Safford, Graham County, Arizona and all were convicted, but due to ill health, Mr. Sullivan did not go to jail. He died within a few months of the trial.

Dad worked day and night until the guilty verdict was pronounced, which happened to be on his birthday, November 22, 1947. This was Dad's outstanding case. He gave up the County Attorney's office in 1950, and from then until November 22, 1960 he had his own private office and practice.

Dad's Church Positions

1921 First Counselor to Bishop Logan Brimhall, Taylor Ward
Chorister of Woodruff Ward Choir
Set apart as High Priest and High Councilman in St. Johns
Taught investigators class in St. Johns second ward many years
YMMIA Superintendent in St. Johns Ward

Mom's Church Positions

Started teaching Primary at age 13
Primary President in Taylor and Woodruff wards
Served three different times as YWMIA President in Taylor
Member of Sister Bushman's Stake Primary Board, age 16

Mom's Church Positions (continued)

YWMIA President in Woodruff and St. Johns wards--twice in St. Johns, serving one year with Dad as superintendent, then with Farr Whiting, John Chinio, Pratt Overson and Stan Hamblin

Served as Stake Relief Society President, St. Johns Stake Counselor to Sister Maude Jarvis in St. Johns Ward Relief Society.

Calling was mostly to teach in auxiliaries

Awarded a 20 year teaching certificate from Primary

Taught Sunday School almost continuously until 1962

Hobbies of Dad's

Dad has loved sports of all kinds all his life. He won quite a reputation as a foot-racer in his younger days. After Stake Conference he would footrace, horse-race and wrestle. He tells of being hard at wrestling with a fellow when suddenly a cold draft told him the seams of his pants had parted. He forfeited the match. He played basketball some, but especially loved volleyball and played it until he was fifty years old. He loved to play soccer with the school students he taught. On his 50th birthday he soundly trounced Joe Terrin, a young tennis expert around town. Dad, Arlo, Virgil, Jack and Max used to play tennis the whole summer in their leisure time. They would arrange games with other teams from out of town and have a whole day of tennis round-robins. He also loved to play golf and enjoys telling about his rounds with Henry Jones. Dad would be afflicted with charley horses after playing hard and we can all remember waking up in the night by Dad's yells of pain. He'd yell, "Don't touch me, Lady, you'll break my leg." Then he'd say some choice hells and damns and things would subside again.

Mom's Hobbies

Mom's children have probably been her main interest and hobby. Our friends were her friends. She has always been a wonderful, imaginative cook. Dad always kept a pig and when it was butchered, Mom made the best sausage and baked the best spare-ribs. We remember a big cooker full of homemade hominy and what could have been better than to come home from school to find Mom taking out a hot batch of sugar or molasses cookies. Providing good food for her family was Mom's way of saying "I love you." She was an artist in making over discarded clothing for her "three little girls." The way she could stretch a dollar was unbelievable. In her younger days she was quite a writer and has always been an excellent story teller. She has done quite a bit of genealogy. Nowadays she crochets and quilts and never is idle a minute. She always has to have some constructive project going, much to Dad's fatigue.

Their Social Life

They have had some wonderful times socially. At Taylor, our first home, almost everyone was a relative and we were always going to someone's place for a party or a dinner or a cedar party or a dance. We took part in a number of dramas, sometimes taking them to Show Low, McNary or Snowflake. They were in a drama the night they got a girl to baby sit for Jack so the other children could go to the theater. The baby sitter went to sleep and didn't hear Jack, then one and a half years old, wake up and leave the house and go out into the dark and the snow. For some reason, they hurried right home and as they rounded a corner they saw a little white form in the road. It was Jack. They were thankful there weren't many cars in those days. Mom gathered him in her arms, covering him with her coat, and they hurried home. He didn't seem to be hurt by it all. Woodruff was a very

small town but the folks there were always having some kind of a party. Sometimes without any warning a crowd would burst in the door for a candy-pull or for a cornbread supper with onions. One party especially stands out in memory--it was a deaf and dumb supper and not a word was spoken all evening.

One April Fool's Day in the evening, some of the school students of Dad's came running to the house and said, "Mr. Gibbons, you are wanted on the phone, long distance, and Mrs. Gibbons you'd better go too as we think it is from some of your folks." They hurried to Brother Jim Brinkerhoff's (he had the only phone in town). Dad took the phone; "Hello, hello" he kept saying over and over, but no answer. About that time the door flew open and a room full of people burst in and yelled, "April Fool." When they left Woodruff, the people seemed to feel real bad. The entire town turned out in mass and they had a wonderful party on the rocks south of town. They fried chicken, made hot biscuits and had all the trimmings. One of the reasons this party stands out in their minds was that Mrs. Lassiter was there and the night before she had had a baby. It didn't seem to slow her up in the least.

In Mom's words the story continues

Back to St. Johns and the social whirl we entered when we moved back in 1923-24. Our four babies kept us at home a great deal but we enjoyed shows and parties with some of our neighbors and relatives. Some of these were Uncle Andy and Aunt Addie, Dodd and Hazel Greer, Carl and Ida Hamblin, Fred and Lurlene Whiting. When we returned the second time, we came to stay for the most part and have been here 37 years. We have had some good times here as our crowd was always a jolly crowd. We had a bridge club with the women meeting in the afternoon once a week, then one evening the next week the men were invited. In the spring and fall the

elementary school teachers would entertain the high school faculty or vice-versa. These occasions were wonderful and we had the best times. In the fall when the melons were ripe, the party always ended in a melon fight. No matter what you were wearing, it was ruined.

The Gibbons, Whitings, and Udalls used to combine for wonderful family parties out in the cedars. We took turns entertaining and furnishing food such as homemade ice cream, sopapillas fried in dutch ovens, hot biscuits and fried chicken. In family groups we have visited the "salt lakes" which are just over the border in New Mexico.

Travels (In Mom's words)

We feel that we have had our share of travel. We have toured thirty of the United States. We have been in Canada, Mexico and Europe. On our way to and while in Europe, we visited Greenland, Holland, Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Brussels, England, Scotland and flew over Ireland. We have been in attendance at two world fairs. In 1934, we visited the Chicago World Fair and in 1958, we visited the one in Brussels. Our European trip was the most outstanding event of our lives. Our children gave us \$1200 to make it possible for us to go. We matched that amount and flew off to make our headquarters with our daughter, Norma, and her husband, Dick, and their family who were in the service and stationed in the Hague in Holland. I even walked over the famed Alps on foot.

Summary by Mom

It has been a good life; we haven't had a fortune to spend, but we have always had what we needed--a good home and a very healthy family. When we married I told Marion, "I'll give our children good healthy

bodies and you give them good healthy brains." I kept my part of that contract and he believes, and so do I, that he too kept his part. They have all done their best in every way and what more could parents want? Detailed accounts of each child and their families will be written separately.

At the time of our Golden Wedding, June 11, 1964, we have in our family the Pa and the Ma, eight children, have had nine in-laws, 31 grandchildren, two great grandchildren, three grandchildren of in-laws, making a total fifty-five of us. All are honorable people and we are most grateful that nearly all of them are devoted and active members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

Helen Gibbons Sullivan

Branch I





FAMILY OF HELEN GIBBONS SULLIVAN
AND CORNELIUS MICHAEL SULLIVAN

CORNELIUS MICHAEL SULLIVAN
October 8, 1912
Jerome, Yavapai County, Arizona

HELEN GIBBONS SULLIVAN
April 9, 1916
Taylor, Navajo County, Arizona

MICHAEL GIBBONS SULLIVAN
January 20, 1947
Winslow, Navajo County, Arizona

STEVEN SEAN SULLIVAN
August 29, 1949
Winslow, Navajo County, Arizona

YOUNG AT HEART

What a fitting theme for our folk's Golden Wedding! Actually it has been the theme of our lives. You can't really be "Young at Heart" if you're not happy, and true happiness comes from living and teaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. This has been the foundation of our home and our lives with Dad and Mom. We can never be grateful enough for this kind of home--but we can in part try to show our gratitude by trying to give our own children the same. As the oldest in the family, I well remember the many times the folks have said, "We don't expect to be repaid with money; we just want you to do the same for your children." We are all trying to do just this.

As the song says--

Fairy tales can come true,
It can happen to you
If you're YOUNG AT HEART--

Indeed it did seem that fairy tales were coming true as we played with cousins, watched our Mom, Grandma Hatch and many wonderful aunts, dish up luscious food at noon time, and spent all day celebrating someone's birthday, when we lived in Taylor. This was home until I was six years old. Then we came back after living in Woodruff for several years. At one of these birthday celebrations, LaVelle put a 22 bullet up her nose--big end first. We worked frantically to get it out but to no avail. The nearest doctor was three miles away, so into someone's old Ford we piled. On the way down, Mom fixed a piece of paper into a point and put it up LaVelle's other nostril. Out shot the bullet with almost enough force to detonate it.

Another part of my life that was like a fairy tale come true, was when we lived on the hill in Woodruff. We had Kenneth and Myrna Gardner, our cousins, to play with, Grandma Gibbons to sing us songs and tell us stories and the most fascinating rocky hills to climb and explore. How well I remember how we'd all stand out on the front step as Dad would take off for school, a church meeting or a ball game and call goodbye to him. He'd answer back, "I'm off like a pot leg." Then we'd go into gales of laughter. We'd call back and forth until he was out of sight. If it was at night he would wave his flashlight at us as he called back. To get to town we had to go down what I thought as a child was a loooooooooong lane. When I visited Woodruff years later, the lane seemed so short that it almost made me ill. It just didn't fit in my memories.

And it might have seemed to some that it was a fairy tale that the folks could successfully raise eight children, that they could all be happily married, moderately prosperous, and all active in our church--but they did. But like all fairy tales, they don't come true without a lot of work, love and faith--and these the folks have willingly and lovingly given.

It's hard you will find
To be narrow of mind
If you're YOUNG AT HEART

I will never forget the terrific adjustment I had to make when I went to college, for I'm afraid I was narrow of mind. I really thought that if you weren't a Mormon you didn't have much of a chance. What a shock I had when I timidly attended what we called a "bull session." One of the girls said in a very mysterious voice, "Do you know that there are some Mormons in this school?" I was such a scared little freshman that I didn't say a word, but the girl that made the statement became one of my best friends and she found that Mormons didn't have horns and I found

that people are good and wonderful no matter what church they belong to.

The many activities all our family have participated in through the years should be proof that we aren't narrow of mind--these have included community, political, and church.

You can go to extremes
With impossible schemes--

Probably the most impossible scheme the folks seemed to attempt was to raise eight children on a teacher's salary, but they did it in grand style. We never wanted for anything. Always had the ironing board and the shoe shine kit out so we would look nice when we were ready to go anywhere. Impossible that we could learn a new word every day and use it in a sentence? No, we did that for all one school year. It seemed impossible that we would ever move from Taylor, but we did! I remember begging Mom to divorce Dad so we wouldn't have to move to St. Johns--he was already over there. I really didn't know what divorce meant, but knew we wouldn't have to go with Dad. It wasn't that we didn't love him; it just seemed the end of the world to have to move from Grandma and Grandpa Hatch and all our friends and relatives there.

Another impossible scheme I remember was maneuvering my eyes, chin and mouth all at the same time, when each was doctored up with good old sticky pine gum. I sucked eggs for a nickel apiece as I rode along on the wagon either going or coming for a load of wood, to say nothing of the pounds of piñons I shelled for pennies.

Another impossible scheme I never did quite bring myself to do--go to my class at high school in my ugly navy blue, flannel pajamas. Dad waved a twenty dollar bill at me and said it was mine if I would go to my

first class, not say a word to anyone, and then I could come home and change into my dress. Sometimes that twenty dollar bill would look so big I'd get as far as the front gate but never any farther. Dad was the originator of the Candid Camera though no one knew it but our family. It was impossible to keep a romance going very long in our family, what with Jack walking in his sleep and picking flowers off the linoleum, little poems like "to Helen G. from Edgar T." or "Hoooley Brown went to town with his panties hanging down." They could cool a love affair in a hurry! Perhaps that is why I didn't marry until long after I left home.

You can laugh when your dreams
Fall apart at the seams--

Laughter and good humor have been a wonderful and important part of our lives. Dad's philosophy was that it was a pretty good life and if you couldn't get up and enjoy it with a smile, you could just as well stay in bed for the day with nothing to read or listen to-- only food three times a day. After a few sessions like this, you decided it was a good life and you'd better get with it and enjoy it too. We learned to laugh and to cope with disappointments as they came, and to build new dreams when the old ones fell apart at the seams.

Life gets more exciting with each passing day--

School life has always been exciting to me. I learned to spell in Holbrook as I sat in our old open air car and waited for Dad to transact his business. I cried over Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue" poem. We formed mysterious clubs with rules and everything; it was exciting to be the cheerleader, play in the dance orchestra, the school band, to be valedictorian and to have good close friends all through life. I thrilled at college life and am so glad I decided to

go and become a teacher. I agree with Dad's philosophy that "Teaching keeps you young because you are with young people." My church teaching is even more exciting and rewarding, and I've enjoyed every level from Junior Sunday School, through teenagers to adults, and every subject from honesty to Shakespeare.

It was exciting as we were quietly trying to fight as we did dishes and when Katy threw a pie pan and I ducked it--it was very exciting as the window shattered. It was exciting the day I declared to Mom that I was going to town and buy everyone in the family a new pair of shoes because Dad had a new sweater and I didn't think he needed it as much as we all needed shoes. Mr. Schuster, at the store, did question my authority to do so, but he gave them to me after I signed the charge slip. This event became known as the "Emancipation Proclamation" in our family.

How exciting as each one of us married! But of course the most exciting to me was when Neil and I were married on January 17, 1942. From the moment Neil told me he liked me for what I was and that he didn't care if my face was all broken out all the time, made me know that I loved him and I always will. And the day Mike was born--six weeks early--everyone else thought he wouldn't make it but I knew he would. It was dreams and prayers come true, and there is no more humbling experience than this as you are a partner with God in the most wonderful of miracles. This event occurred on January 20, 1947. Two years and eight months later, on August 29, 1949, we thrilled all over again as Sean came to join our family. He came early too. Our sons have brought us much pleasure, pride and joy as they have made good in school, and in the community. They have earned many honors. At this time, Sean has just finished his sophomore year with a straight one average in high school. He served as class president and was elected president for their junior year. Mike graduated from high school as salutatorian and received many other awards. He was granted

the Baird Scholarship and also one from the Republic. He will attend the University of Arizona and plans to go into metallurgical engineering. We are proud and grateful for our boys.

Love is either in your heart
Or on its way--

Another foundation of our home with the folks and in our own has been LOVE. Yes, "the greatest of these is love." This we've always had--not that we haven't had our ups and downs, arguments and even some pretty good battles, but through it all, love has prevailed. There was always love in the folks' eyes as they lined us up before we left to go anywhere to see that we looked nice. There was love as they taught us the gospel by word and deed. And the love that Mom showed as she took care of us when we were sick, the love in Dad's eyes as he handed six of the eight of us our diplomas as we graduated from the eighth grade. The love our folks have always shown for our friends. When I was seven or eight years old, I remember running into the house on a hot summer day to get a drink. When I had finished enjoying it, I said, "A good, cold drink of water is just like a mother; nothing could take their places."

Don't you know that it's worth
Every treasure on earth
To be YOUNG AT HEART...

The combination of love, faith and prayer are the real treasures on earth, and they do keep you young at heart. Neil and I could never have made it through all the months of separation World War II brought for us if we hadn't had these qualities. We had only been married two and a half months when he was drafted into the service--he served honorably for forty-two months. We saw each other several times during this time. He spent nineteen months in the Aleutians and twelve months in

the European theater of war. Nine months of this was up at the front lines. And how he did it, I'll never know, but he didn't miss writing a letter to me one day.

And as rich as you are,
It is better by far
To be YOUNG AT HEART...

There are two incidents in my life that made me realize how rich I really was and how the appreciation of these riches made me young at heart and have helped keep me that way. One was when, as children, we were all sick, and Mom had been up so many nights with us and was so weary. I was reading from my Bible stories and came across the scripture which said in part, "Even though there's darkness at night, joy will come in the morning." With complete faith I told Mom that we could go to bed, that I knew everything would be all right in the morning. It was. Another time was when I nearly miscarried with Sean. I had stayed in bed two weeks while Mom and my sisters waited on me and took care of Mike. Neil was to come for me that afternoon when I began having trouble again. Mom and I knelt down and she offered the most humble, sincere prayer I have ever heard. She prayed that if it were possible that I be able to go on and have the baby, but that we would leave it in the Lord's hands and whatever he willed we would accept. How many times I have looked at Sean and thought that he was here because of Mom's faith and all our prayers. These are the riches that can't be measured in dollars and cents.

So if you survive to 105
Look at all you'll derive
Out of being alive--

The word "old" just isn't in our vocabulary, even though some smart Alec used it in connection with Dad one time at a football game. We like this "young at heart" idea. Sports have certainly played a big part

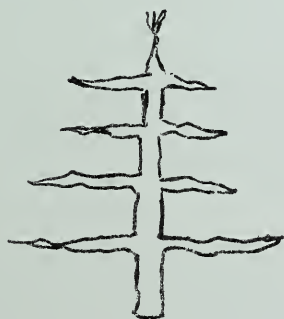
in our lives. We've enjoyed, played in, excelled at, lost, cried and yelled at most every sport in the book. In our own family we've gone through Little League to American Legion in baseball. Both boys have played football and basketball in high school and done very well. Our nephews have done the same and we've followed them with interest. We feel that we have learned a lot from sports and are grateful that we have been able to participate in the same.

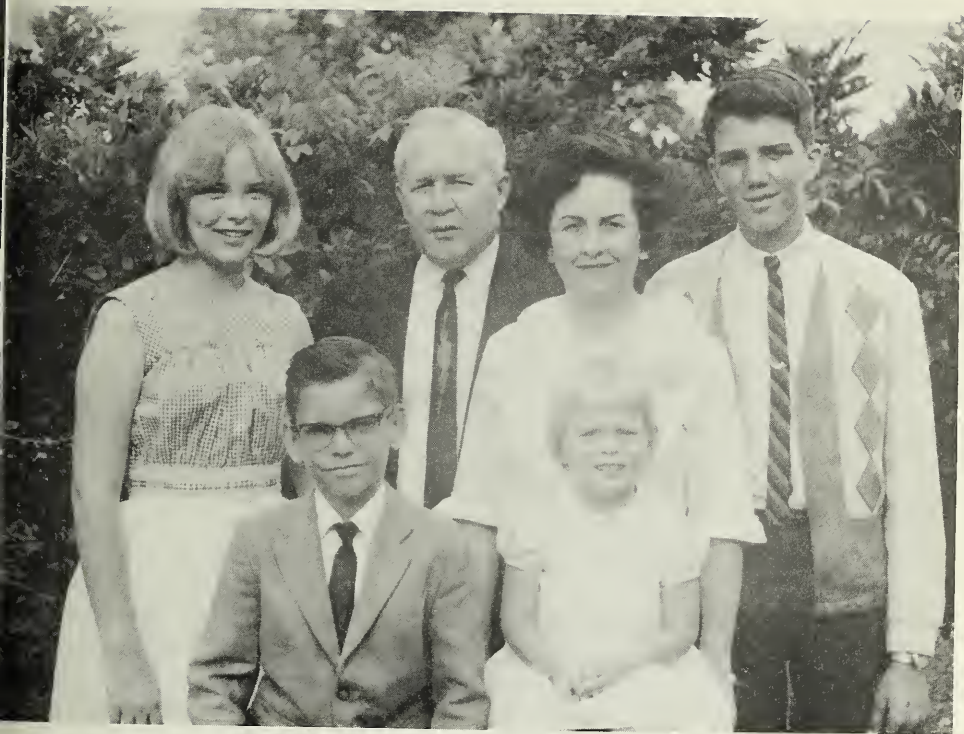
Work is another contributing factor to getting a lot out of life. Mom taught us the value of it. She taught us to organize and use our time profitably. Dad taught us this in our studying. I have always been glad that I had the opportunity to work my way through college, fixing hair, cleaning house and holding down a full time job for my board and room. We have derived a lot out of being alive!

And this is the best part--
You'll have the head start--
If you are among the very
YOUNG AT HEART!

Marion Hatch Gibbons

Branch 2





FAMILY OF MARION HATCH GIBBONS
AND LEONA ELIZABETH KEENE GIBBONS

MARION HATCH GIBBONS
April 10, 1918
Taylor, Navajo County, Arizona

LEONA ELIZABETH KEENE GIBBONS
October 5, 1923
Fannin County, Texas

JANICE ANNE GIBBONS
October 12, 1949
Taunton, Massachusetts

ALAN KEENE GIBBONS
May 7, 1951
Washington, D.C.

JOHN HATCH GIBBONS
May 17, 1955
Houston, Harris County, Texas

MARIANNE GIBBONS
November 23, 1961
Houston, Harris County, Texas

MARION HATCH GIBBONS

This account of the life of my family is written to put to rest all idle rumor and distortion. History and time records that gestation came to an end and life began for Marion Hatch Gibbons on a lonely ranch in the township of Taylor, Navajo County, Arizona, on April 10, 1918. By reason of extreme valiance in the first estate, I was born of goodly parents. A poor emulator from the beginning, I did not increase much in stature and favor of men. My father was a hard man to follow for he and his rebellions against society were legend, and as long as men gather around campfires, the stories of his pranks will live on. But--I tried, and by refinement here and there, I gained the coveted title of being a "little hellion."

School was an unusual experience for me. I started when I was 5 years old and wound the damn thing up at 28. I completed high school by the time I was 17. After this, I took several specialist courses in the army such as infantryman, telephone operator, pilot, navigator and bombardier and received considerable adverse comments on my performances.

College life, before service life, was enjoyed at Arizona State at Flagstaff and Tempe, Arizona, and after the war, at Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas, where I was awarded an LL.B. degree. My education is round, firm and fully packed. In 1942, while stationed at Jones Field, Bonham, Fannin County, Texas as an aviation cadet, I met Leona Elizabeth Keene, a shy and retiring girl at first, who, through the exercise of her free agency, was to become my wife and the best Primary President of the Houston Stake. Janice Anne, Alan Keene, John Hatch, and Marianne Gibbons came into my life as my children. My wife and I gave them a good name, a heritage,

and a home, but our most precious gift to them was the Gospel. Said siblings gave in return the best and sweetest lives mortal parents ever enjoyed. A better account of this family follows with my wife as the writer.

To add to Marion's account, let me say that our first date was a 'blind' one arranged by my friend, Mary Frances Wyles, who worked at Jones Field. The boy was lonely, the girl was young and in love with life and the excitement of all the cadets around! The first date was something of a fiasco; but other dates followed and when Marion left a few weeks later, letters and telephone calls--and telegrams--flew back and forth.

The course of true love--so they say--is never smooth, and this was far from it. It ran the gamut of frustration, arguments, tears, no romance at all, and then starting over. On December 16, 1942, I went to San Angelo where Marion graduated second in his class and received the hard-earned silver bombardier wings and gold second lieutenant bars. I received a lovely diamond at the Graduation Ball. I met my future father-in-law for the first time the next day at the graduation ceremonies. It has become a family joke that while Christmas shopping with Dad Gibbons that day, I innocently suggested a pipe or a smoking jacket for Grandad Hatch--a patriarch in the Church!

Apparently, Dad Gibbons thought his son had enjoyed single bliss long enough and he urged Marion to 'not let her get away.' Despite our mutual agreement to wait until after the war, two weeks later, on December 31, 1942, at about 3:30 p.m., we were married in the North Chapel at the Bombardier School, with my mother (who met her son-in-law for the first time that day) and Lt. Walter Fletcher in attendance.

After a three day leave to Bonham, so Daddy could also put his stamp of approval on his son-in-law, Marion went back to San Angelo and I stayed in Bonham, joining him in about ten days. On our first month anniversary, Marion got orders to go to March Air Force Base, Riverside, California. On the way, we got off the train in Arizona and I met the rest of my new family, and was given a royal welcome. I will never forget Mom Gibbons meeting me at the gate and taking me in her arms. I have always felt grateful for my extra special 'in-laws.' California was just as lovely as I had ever dreamed, and we spent the first few months of married life in what I consider the 'magic state.' One of our best memories: days at the Casa del Adobe, Palmdale, California; another, our weekend in Hollywood where we stayed in grand style in a bungalow suite at the Ambassador Hotel--pretty hot stuff for us then!

In June, 1943, Marion left California for the port of embarkation and the Aleutian Islands. After going home first, I went to Seattle to see him before he left, and we had three days together. Soon after Marion arrived in the Aleutians and flew four combat missions over Kiska Island, the Japanese abandoned the war there. Marion was one of the lucky ones to be sent back immediately to the states. We had short stays at air bases in Salina, Kansas; Clovis, New Mexico; El Paso, Texas, and finally the sizzling spot of Blythe, California. In April, 1944, the entire base was moved to Walla Walla, Washington. Here, Marion volunteered for a second tour of overseas duty and was sent to Hamilton AFB, California, then to New York, where he was then sent to England. I worked during the seven months he was gone, and he sent home quite a bit of his 'ill gotten gain' so that when the war was over he had waiting at home quite a tidy sum.

He flew seventeen combat missions over Germany in B-17s as a bombardier and was soon Squadron Bombardier and one day he led the entire 8th Air Force as Lead Bombardier. The war ended in the ETO in May, 1945, and

Marion came home soon after. We enjoyed living on the beach at St. Petersburg, Florida, while he awaited his release from the Air Force.

After his release, we spent a leave on my parents' farm in north Texas and then started looking for a law school. We wound up in Dallas and Marion entered SMU. Here, Marion refound the Church; was made an Elder, and I was baptized. This was our first real home and we made some lasting friendships.

Marion took the Texas Bar Examination and while we waited for results we took my parents and made a wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten trip to Arizona. I'll never forget coming home and opening the envelope that contained the wonderful news--he'd passed! After this, he sold Rio Grande Valley real estate for a while, starved as Assistant District Attorney in Bonham, Texas for a few months. In September, 1949, he went back into the Air Force for some experience in the Judge Advocate's Department. During these four years, we started our family. First, there was a beautiful, little bonde ten-month-old daughter, Janice Anne, who came to us in August, 1950. What a miracle she seemed to us! Then, nineteen months later, a six-month-old handsome baby boy, Alan Keene, joined us, through the efforts of his Grandfather Gibbons. Now, we had our boy and girl!

We were transferred to Ellington AFB, Houston, Texas, where Marion was released from the Air Force, went into law practice, and was ordained Bishop of the Houston First Ward--all in 1953!

These were full, rewarding, hard, busy years--but happy--and made more complete by the addition in May, 1955, of a brown-eyed, curly haired boy, our first infant, which made him special in his own right, whom we called John Hatch after his grandfather who was a patriarch. My long-standing desire for a brown-eyed

child was more than fulfilled, for John was--and is--a beautiful little boy.

Throwing caution to the wind, and ignoring our 'advancing years', we added another infant to our family--a completely charming little girl, Marianne, born on Thanksgiving Day, 1961, to complete our miracle family...each one so special, so different and so dear to us. Marianne is another blonde, and looks so much like her sister, Jan, did when she was a baby that we can't believe our good fortune.

The years in Houston have been fruitful, even though we often long for the west. We have enjoyed our life in the Church and our many friends. Marion's law practice has steadily increased and our blessings are many. We have been lucky through the years to have the means and opportunity to visit both our parents fairly regularly, and we count this one of our choicest blessings. Next to the blessings of our own families, we count our friends. We feel that our parents and relatives are wonderful, interesting, congenial people who make good companions, and we hope to enjoy their association for many, many years to come. We're taught that for every blessing we receive, we have obeyed the law governing it; however, in our case, we feel that the Lord must be making exceptions!

Life with Marion--this eldest Gibbons son--has been many things. Sometimes hilarious, sometimes frustrating, sometimes disappointing, sometimes sad, sometimes happy--but always, always exciting and never boring--and what more can you ask of life? For all these other things are an essential part of life on earth, but if life is never boring, then it is rich! My life, then, has been rich, and I hope that I have contributed half as much to my part of the Gibbons family.

16 July 1965
LKG

Katy Gibbons Lee

Branch 3





FAMILY OF KATY GIBBONS LEE
AND ARLO B. LEE

ARLO B. LEE
September 26, 1918
Nutrioso, Apache County, Arizona

KATY GIBBONS LEE
January 13, 1920
Taylor, Navajo County, Arizona

ARLO VINSON LEE
March 30, 1942
St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona

HOWARD NEIL LEE
September 12, 1943
Winslow, Navajo County, Arizona

LARRY VAN LEE
December 19, 1945
Winslow, Navajo County, Arizona

CHERYL ANN LEE
March 13, 1950
Springerville, Apache County, Arizona

MARY FRANCIS LEE
September 9, 1951
St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona

RONALD JOHN LEE
May 23, 1953
St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona

I REMEMBER...

- I remember: Waking up in the back seat of a car very car-sick and tossing my cookies all over Mom's best fur-trimmed coat. She wasn't cross and never was if she knew we were sick. I think she mentally measured us for coffins at the first sign of sickness. She made it almost a joy to be sick because then we had her undivided attention.
- I remember: A time when we lived here in St. Johns in 1923. Mom made me some little bib overalls. How proud I was to show them to Dad as I ran to meet him coming home from teaching school.
- I remember: We were the movingest family in the country and we kids loved exploring each new house and lot. I guess Mom cleaned up more dirt that belonged to someone else than anyone I know, but she herself always left a house sparkling clean.
- I remember: Mom on her hands and knees scrubbing bare board floors in preparation for laying a new linoleum. This was a terrible job for Dad, who seldom lost his temper, but linoleum-laying was outside territory and we heard some new words when Dad laid linoleum. In later years, when sons-in-law were added to the family, we staged linoleum-laying parties, but when Dad did the job alone, it was a fearsome ordeal.
- I remember: The awful, little red rag of quarantine tacked on our front gate when we all had the

measles. We couldn't go outside and Dad couldn't come inside. He stayed with Grandma Hatch and only came to see us at the window at nights. He certainly relieved the monotony of cutting and playing paper dolls. Norma almost died and when she became so sick, Dad ignored the quarantine and came in to help.

I remember: My first tricycle and the first Christmas tree of my memory all lighted up with birthday-cake size candles clipped all over its branches, and popcorn we had strung to decorate its branches. Birthdays without one stroke of work required from the birthday-girl and always a party and the whole family singing the birthday song to you. Sleeping on a mattress stuff with corn shucks and thinking that it was the finest, crackliest place to sleep.

I remember: One fourth of July in Woodruff when I spent every cent of my "4th money" on 25 sticks of "Oh Boy" gum and then stuffed at least half of it in my mouth at once. Carrying buckets of drinking water across the field that seemed to stretch miles. Eating watermelon wedges cut from huge Woodruff melons. Mourning 'cause our little Toby dog was caught in the rocks overnight. Dead cats whose tails told us that Dad had done away with them. Headstones of graves from an abandoned graveyard practically in our door-yard and a ghostly voice with Dad's overtones coming from the chicken coop.

I remember: Grandma Gibbons with her lumpydick and chicken soup with dumplings. Her constant singing of "Jesus Pilot Me" sung with an. OOOOOOh. Grandpa Hatch, his strength both

physical and spiritual, how his mustache tickled when he kissed me, his great faith and healing power, his patience. Grandma Hatch with her ready stock of stories for her grandchildren; her eternal crocheting which put doilies all over her house, thick slices of wonderful potato yeast bread spread with her own "jell". Her wonderful sorghum cake and gooseberry pie. Her love for me when I wasn't a very lovable child, dragging me with her to Relief Society across the fascinating horror of the swinging bridge.

I remember: One awful summer having the whooping cough that took the life of Aunt Ann's baby and nearly took Jack's, and the faith that saved his life. The home-sickness of us all when we moved from our beloved Taylor to St. Johns. The joy of a new baby when Max was born. The disgust when Scron fell in the outdoor John. The mornings of family trips when Dad would wake us up with promises of "ice cream, bananas."

I remember: Jack's prayer for the missionaries, "especially the two I have in mind." The remarks accidentally heard while with boy friends--about my size and shape. LaVelle's disaster because she chose the pig bucket instead of the long walk to the outside memorial. Norma, as a baby, nodding over her food but eating still and reciting abracadabra. Helen nearly depantsing me on main street. Scron and mother racing around the currant bushes with Jersey in hot pursuit. Jack emptying pots as we played house. Taking air enemas and the agony of the next day. Max sucking his thumb and pulling his ear or anything else that happened to be dangling.

Pete loudly singing "Brave Toilet Door." Marion and Harvey guzzling corn beer buried in the corn field. The pig who got a life-saving enema.

I remember: Marrying the best man alive. His love for my family and theirs for him. His consideration of Mom and Dad as though they were his own and theirs for him. Tennis tournaments with Dad, brothers and in-laws. Learning to use the pogo stick in the old kitchen. Arlo and Virgil eating on while Mom chokes to death. Eating supper in the old home long after marrying.

I remember: The pride of finding my own place in the sun with family and friends. Good brothers and sisters--Helen with her panties tucked in her prom dress. Marion, my mortal enemy, badly burned and suffering. LaVelle touching a mouse in her pocket. Norma eating mixed leftovers for money. Max, the black-rock boy, trying to dig his friend out of the bog. Jack Googs who could cry great big, heart-melting tears. Bob, Pete Tarzan, the joy of my young life, learning and singing dozens of songs and verses.

I remember: Best of all--Mom and Dad. Dad meant a warm, clean living-room on cold mornings, an easy touch for a nickel or dime, advocate of tennis shoes for girls, and forever a blythe spirit of fun and laughter. Mom meant security, absolute honesty, goodness personified, good food, cleanliness, an always-there Rock of Gibraltar with a soft touch. These are my folks and I love them.

I remember: That the Lord has been very good to the M. V. Gibbons family. Let's be good for Him.

Our family began August 10, 1940 when Arlo married Katy in the St. Johns Ward Chapel. The organist probably played the longest wedding march in the history of the chapel. She was to play until the groom entered from a side door and then the bride came up the aisle and stood beside her groom. She played and played but nothing happened. Suddenly there was a loud banging on the side door and everyone realized that the groom and the Stake President had been locked out and were trying to get in. Meanwhile, back to the bride, her anxiety was at a high pitch. She nervously hitched up her stockings and as a result marched up the aisle with riddled stockings. Despite the bad beginning, the marriage will be 25 years old in August, 1965 and has produced six wonderfully improved seedlings over the old stock.

Vinson, our firstborn, has now taken upon himself a good wife, Linda. He is a junior at BYU and Linda teaches typing in Orem, Utah. We think Vinson has such good taste in women.

Howard, our second, who is sure that Vinson's marriage proves that the Lord is punishing him, will be a Junior at ASU next fall. He warmed the bench during basketball season at ASU but nothing hatched out. Both our eldest sons plan to be dentists.

Larry isn't able to be with us for this wonderful celebration. He is serving a two-year mission in the New England States. He is trying to carry on the tradition established by his two older brothers who both filled honorable missions--Vinson in the West Spanish Mission and Howard in the North British Mission. Larry nearly froze to death in Vermont his first weeks but will be sweltering by June.

Cheryl is our little blonde first-girl. She thinks she's a woman, we think she's a child; could be she's a typical teenager. She will be a sophomore next fall in the St. Johns High School; she is majoring in boys and sports.

Frances graduated from grade school this spring, not as valedictorian but as a very good student. She will be a freshman in the fall and we'll have it all to do over again--boys, dances, no dating, high heels. Whoever suggested that young people between 13 and 18 be kept under chloroform for that period should be given the Nobel Peace Prize.

John is our caboose. He brings up the rear and I mean that literally. At one point in his lively career, he chose to be called "Dishonest John." We hope this is no barometer of his future and we don't think it is. He plays a mean Tuba in the grade school band, loves every sport, has a pet hawk he trapped. He won't let us settle down and be old.

Arlo is a High Councilman and Superintendent of the YMMIA. Katy is Stake Primary President, Vice-President of the PTA, Junior Sunday School Chorister and Coordinator. Arlo is plant superintendent for Southwest at their Eagar Mill and in his spare time is one of the Apache County Supervisors. Katy is housewife, mother and chauffeur. We all lead a full, happy life, enriched by having Grandma and Grandpa near enough to see them every day. We consider this a privilege and a blessing for which we are most grateful.

Interesting Facts--

Vinson was Student Body President, All Northern Basketball in his senior year, a member of Honor Society, Boys' State Representative, Sophomore Class President, All-Northern Football (taken from school yearbook). Served two and one half years in West Spanish-American Mission and was Counselor to Mission President Greene.

Vinson (continued) High School Outstanding Athlete Award and Spanish Proficiency Award, BYU Scholarship.

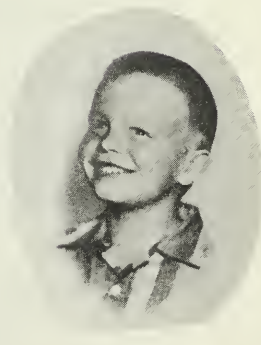
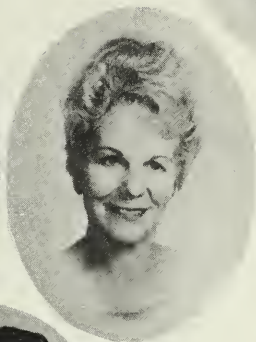
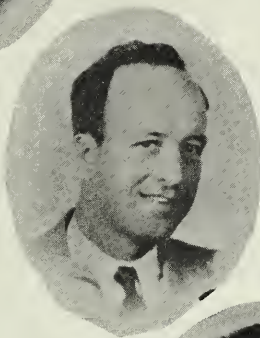
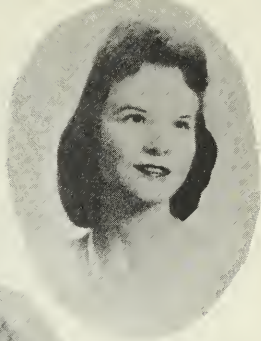
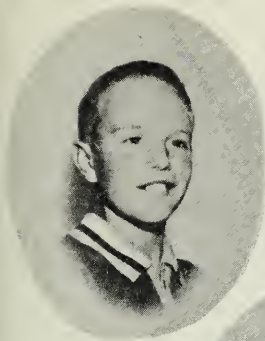
Howard - Senior Class President, President of Honor Society, Basketball All-State, All-Northern Junior Athlete Award. Two-year mission to North British Mission. Guard on ASU first-string Freshman 1962 team. Traveling squad ASU Varsity, ASU scholarship.

Larry - Senior Class President, Paper Staff, Basketball, Football and Baseball, All-Northern Basketball Team. Boys' Quartette - Flagstaff Festival, Key Club, Athletic Award, Homecoming King. Serving a two-year mission in New England States. Member Male Chorus at BYU. Won the County Spelling Bee.

LaVelle Whiting DeSpain

Branch 4





FAMILY OF LAVELLE GIBBONS WHITING DESPAIN
VIRGIL BURR WHITING
MELVIN FAY DESPAIN

FIGENC

VIRGIL BURR WHITING
May 23, 1916
St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona

LAVELLE GIBBONS WHITING
July 1, 1921
Woodruff, Navajo County, Arizona

PAMELA JO WHITING
January 9, 1942
St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona

CLAUDIA WHITING
January 19, 1947
Springerville, Apache County, Arizona

KENNETH VIRGIL WHITING
May 16, 1950
St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona

EDWIN MARION WHITING
May 6, 1955
St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona

JOYLYN WHITING
June 14, 1961
Springerville, Apache County, Arizona

MELVIN FAY DESPAIN
April 17, 1926
Joseph City, Navajo County, Arizona

LAVELLE GIBBONS WHITING DESPAIN
July 1, 1921
Woodruff, Navajo County, Arizona

LAVELLE GIBBONS WHITING DESPAIN

Most people live one life in the time allotted them here on this earth, but I feel that I have lived two separate and different lives. I lived twenty years with my first husband and father of my children, Virgil Burr Whiting. Twenty wonderful, happy years together. Sometimes I think maybe we were too happy with each other and our four lovely children, Pamela Jo, Claudia, Kenneth Virgil, Edwin Marion and lastly my little angel, Joylyn, who stayed just long enough for me to hold briefly and then I had to give her back to her Father in Heaven and her earthly father, who, I am sure, knew her in that other life and loved her so he felt he had to have her with him, and realized it would be easier for us to give her up than our other children because we had her for such a short time. Joylyn died on Father's Day. What a gift we were able to give our father! A beautiful gift. He loved beauty so I'm sure he was satisfied with this precious, little child. She was one of the prettiest babies I have ever seen--a mass of black, curly hair, dainty little features and big brown eyes. A few years later, the Lord sent us a carbon copy of that precious child--my granddaughter, Kimberly Ann Benson. The first time Pam placed little Kim in my arms it was just like the Lord had given me back my baby. Both of my grandchildren are very precious to me. Little Helen, a sparkling jewel and as pretty as her little sister, has brought so much happiness into all of our lives. This little poem best tells how I feel about these little ones.

Tiny Girls

Little girls in pretty dresses
Are as cute as they can be...
When their twinkling eyes are glowing
As they warmly smile at me.

And I find them most alluring
When they gently hold my hand
And they speak in satin whispers
As beside me they will stand,
And the girls with scarlet ribbons
In their soft and wavy hair
Are to me like tiny Angels
Walking in the silken air,
And I think that 'toddling' ladies
Who will giggle on my lap,
Starlit dreams of silver fairies
All around my heart will wrap.
For these maidens with their kiddies
In the shadow of my door
Are the children of my daughter
I am always longing for.

My first life was indeed one of contentment, happiness and joy. Being born into a wonderful family of seven brothers and sisters with two illustrious parents at the head to guide, love and teach us. They created an environment of utter bliss, so much so that I have very few unpleasant memories of my life in this home. I guess if you looked at that home from the material aspect, especially during the depression, you would certainly say it wasn't a mansion, but to me it had all of the ingredients that go to make for happiness. I like to think of the good meals we enjoyed together and sitting around the big oak table after a meal and listening to the many happenings of this family, and though I had heard each story a 'jillion times' and each time it was elaborated on a little more than the last, or something new had been added to make it a better story, it still got a good laugh.

A picture that I like to flash on the screen of my mind of precious memories, is that of a certain Saturday (I don't know why this particular Saturday), but Mom had just kalsomined her bedroom the day before and the odor of cleanliness was still prevalent in the air. I

walked into this house and when I opened the front door, the aroma of cinnamon rolls baking came floating out to meet me, and as I walked on through the house it seemed to radiate order and freshness. I remember walking into this new room, for it seemed like a new room. Mother had changed all of the furniture around, put up freshly ironed curtains, polished the furniture, starched and ironed the beautiful dresser scarfs and doilies she had made and crocheted with wide lace and embroidered so beautifully. The clean bedspreads proudly boasted two feather pillows covered with starched pillow cases wearing wide lace made by Mother's hands. The room was so inviting that I sat in a chair for I don't know how long and enjoyed the solitude and beauty that surrounded me. I hated to leave this room and my heart almost cried out, "I don't want it to ever change. Let me always stay here." I carried this picture with me when I went to Beauty School. I recalled this picture to mind many times when my heart ached with loneliness and yearning I had never experienced before. There are still times I like to meditate on this day and enjoy the peace I felt as a girl at home. I like to think because we had such a home to pattern after, that we can build the foundations of our homes stronger with understanding, love and security. Once I said to Daddy, "How can we ever thank you and Mom for all you have done for us?" He replied, "By doing the same for your children."

I was the product of a tiny, small town in the northern part of the state, known to a few as Woodruff, Arizona. Except for my seventeen-month-old sister, Katy, and Mother (she had to be there), I came into the world without any other assistance. Daddy entered the picture as I announced to the world with a lusty cry that I had arrived.

There are a few of the kindnesses of my parents that stand out in my mind as acts of true love. I'll never forget coming home from a dance shivering and cold, as there were few cars in circulation and we had to walk everywhere we went, and finding a hot water bottle in my

bed, put there by a devoted father. Of course, if my cold feet should happen to stray to Norma's side, hoping to find warmth, it wasn't warmth they found, but physical pain. She would scream in such a loud, pitiful voice that the same devoted father was there quick as a wink and before I realized what was happening, he had a schoolmaster's grip on the hair at the nap of my neck and just one yank was enough to bring tears and let me know it better not happen again. As he tenderly soothed my little sister and smothered her with loving kisses, I found it hard to believe that the same tender hands, just seconds before, had caused the tears to flow and had left a red mark on the back of my neck.

It was nice to be a favorite of the Principal of the school and even better to be lucky enough to be his daughter. I felt important and real special when a knock would come on our classroom door and I would recognize that familiar voice as belonging to my father. As I was summoned to the door, I knew he was there with a special surprise, usually a candy bar or five pieces of bubble gum. Sometimes he would stop and visit with me while I devoured the luscious morsel.

And dear Mother, how many times we woke her up in the night with a toothache, earache, and worst of all, a stomach ache. Many times I would endure the pains and chilling as long as I could, dreading to get up in the middle of the night to a cold house, but worse than that, the long trek, sometimes in the snow, to the old outhouse. Finally in pain and desperation I would call for Mom and as quick as Aladdin's Genie, she was there helping me on with my coat and shoes and together we made the walk through the tamarack hedge to our outside bathroom. No matter how long those sessions lasted she stood patiently and sympathetically at the door. Once in a while she would ask hopefully, "Are you through, dear?" Since I have been summoned many times in the middle of the night

from a warm bed, I fear I wasn't the patient, understanding mother, our Mom was, and I only escorted mine to a nice, heated bathroom.

Nor did she complain when we all brought friends home-from school and ate her freshly baked cookies and bread, but instead, she would stir up a pitcher of lemonade or pour glasses to the brim with fresh, cold milk. Then she would sit down and just be one of us, laughing as we told of our day at school. Aunt Nell Gibbons joined us on many occasions and added greatly to the fun of those get-togethers; no wonder my girl friends always wanted to come home with me and I know Mom loved to have them.

We had a very happy home and I shall always cherish my memories there. I liked school, but more from a social standpoint than from a scholastic one. I wanted something to be happening all of the time and loved to be right in the middle of it. Every Sunday we had candy-pulls or made ice cream. Not having movies, or T.V. we had to make our own recreation. The most popular recreation was dancing and I loved it. In fact, it was at a dance during my senior year in high school that I met Virgil. When he walked in, I thought he was one of the most handsome men, or boys, I had ever seen. I remember I turned and said to Elsie, "Some day I'm going to marry him." I'm sure he didn't know this, because at that time he thought of me as the little sister of Helen Gibbons. With his shiny Lincoln Zephyr, his winning smile that revealed a gold tooth in front, and the glamour of a returned missionary, he was indeed a prize. At this time I was going with Ed Terrin, but soon shifted my whole attention on Virgil.

After two years of courtship, beauty school, a few romances on the side, we were married March 5, 1941, in the Arizona Temple. In spite of the fact that our fathers insisted we get married two days early, and I didn't have time to curl my hair, press my dress, much less have a chance to do some last minute shopping,

it was a lovely wedding and a happier bride never stepped out of that Heavenly Temple. I was on such a cloud that I couldn't remember anything about our wedding reception, except that Letty Patterson gave advice to the bride. It must have been good advice, because our marriage was everything a marriage should be. It was so wonderful, at times I couldn't believe it was real.

Eleven months after we were married we had an addition that even added to our happiness--Pamela Jo; a beautiful brown-eyed, black-haired, baby girl. One look at her and her father forgot that he had wanted a boy.

We had just two years together before Virgil started Air Corps pilot training. When he donned an Air Corp uniform, he was sent to Missoula, Montana for basic training and then to pilot school at Santa Ana, California. It was there that Pamela, nineteen months old, and I joined him, and although we were only able to see him over Saturday night, it was worth it. He was sent to Ontario, and Hanford, also in California, and finally to LaJunta, Colorado, where he won his wings. Next, combat training in Columbia, S. C. and then to Florence. From there he went to the South Pacific and we went home to wait nineteen long and anxious months.

Through fifty danger-filled missions, he flew in an A-20, winning the Air Medal, Distinguished Flying Cross, a Presidential Citation and four Battle Stars.

Despite frequent brushes with death, he said later, he never doubted that he would return home alive. Before going overseas he had a blessing from Grandpa Hatch, a patriarch, who promised him a safe return on condition of his worthiness. His closest call came one night when he was flying a war-weary A-20 back to the rear base. When his lights and navigational equipment failed over the ocean, he knelt in the cockpit and prayed. Miraculously, a

friendly airplane appeared and guided him to a nearby base for a safe landing.

Thirteen months after he returned from the service, our second child was born. Another girl! I thought she was beautiful and wanted to name her Claudia, but Virgil didn't know. He said that when he thought of that name he always thought of a beautiful girl, and he didn't know if that little, red-faced girl would ever be beautiful. It wasn't long until he could see that she would live up to this name.

After eight years and two lovely daughters, we finally got our boy--and he was all boy. Kenneth Virgil Whiting, his father's pride and joy. Ken not only looked like his father but was like him in so many ways. He loved to be with his father and his father loved having him. He was like a little shadow. He could hunt, and ride a horse as well as boys much older than he.

Virgil's devotion to the family enterprises made him forget even his personal safety when any of these businesses were threatened. One night in 1947, he foiled a burglary of the Motor Office safe. In spite of my pleading, he went alone in the dark garage with his 22 pistol for protection. He challenged the two burglars and then pursued and captured them down by Mark Davis'.

We were a very close family, enjoying so many good times together; fun times at the homestead in the summer with both families, or visiting at our parents' homes and enjoying many good meals together. We found our home evenings most enjoyable at some aunt's or uncle's home. In fact, our two families were so close that all the children called them Aunt and Uncle and never knew the difference until they were older. It was a wonderful family--a happy, fun, loyal and religious family.

Whiting Brothers Purchase Order #4 arrived on May 6, 1955, and was truly a chip off the old block. It was nice having this little boy, as we had children old enough to really appreciate a little brother. He was the best-natured baby of them all and so fat and lovable it was hard not to spoil him. Like his brother, Ken, he too loved to ride out to the farm, or go to the office with his father and his daddy enjoyed taking him with him whenever possible. Virgil was indeed a family man and never too busy to help them with school work, two and a half-minute talks, or give Claudia dancing lessons in the front hall until late in the evening, or help Ken with fractions. When Pamela won the title of "Miss Apache County" he flew her to Phoenix sometimes twice a week to a class in modeling or a speech class. We were both in the Stake Mutual Board for nine years. He was the YMMIA Stake President for ten years.

Six years after Marion Edwin Whiting's birth, our fifth child was born. This was five months after her father's death. We named her Joylyn because we felt that she would bring joy to a very broken-hearted family. But her stay here was brief as she had a congenital heart defect.

Virgil and his brother, Farr, had a strict rule never to travel together, so that one would survive in case of an accident. They broke that rule for the first time on that final flight, March 20, 1961. Icing conditions caused the crash on a flight to Phoenix. After four days of searching, they were found on Easter Sunday. Two families, ten children and two widows were left without a father and husband. A family without a father is like a ship without a rudder--not going anywhere in particular, just drifting, lost in the sea of life. How to be a father and mother to four, lonely, heart-broken children is not easy, and at times I found that I was leaning on them for strength. But, because of

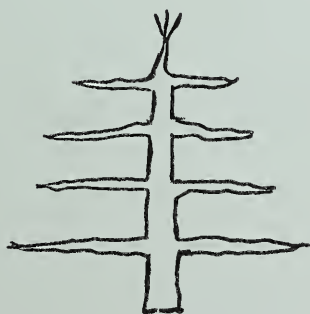
them, I knew somehow that I had to go on. Mel, who had lost her husband, Farr, has been a great help to me. We have gone through the dark valley of grief alone, and I knew she would understand my feelings when no one else could. We have gone through a great deal together. I don't think I could have gone through this grief alone; I don't mean alone in the sense most people think of it, because I had my dear children, my wonderful parents, his good family and my brothers and sisters. But no one can know the anguish and heartache one feels when they have lost their mate, until they themselves have gone through this great sorrow.

There is another important Mel in my life. Some call him Melvin, but to us he is Mel and to my children he is Daddy. I think they should have a special Father's Day for step-fathers. It's easy and natural to be a father to your own, but it isn't easy to step into a ready-made family and play the role of father and try to fill a vacancy created by the death of the natural father, especially when that father and husband was loved as we loved him. Mel is a very understanding father, maybe because he knows the heartache of separation, being divorced and not being able to raise his own children, and also because he lost his mother when he was only two, so he knows the emptiness and sorrow death can bring. We have been a great help to each other and a closeness has come out of this need for companionship that few people ever know, a love that few ever feel. There are many kinds of love in this world. Each is very different and each is very special. I have been married to Mel for two and a half years and I shudder to think what they would have been without him and his love. Brother Mark E. Petersen gave me a special blessing in which he promised me that I would be happy again, not as I once was, because no one is ever the same after a deep sorrow, but now

I know how to enjoy the sweet because I have tasted the bitter. We both have our difficult days and become bigger people and have more compassion for others. And because we have each other, we are able to go on and "Live Again."

Norma Gibbons Johns

Branch 5





FAMILY OF NORMA GIBBONS JOHNS
AND RICHARD SPRINGER JOHNS

RICHARD SPRINGER JOHNS
May 15, 1923
San Bernardino, San Bernardino County, California

NORMA GIBBONS JOHNS
February 10, 1923
Woodruff, Navajo County, Arizona

MARY KATHERINE JOHNS
May 18, 1943
Winslow, Navajo County, Arizona

JACQUELYNN LEE JOHNS
January 30, 1946
Amarillo, Potter County, Texas

RICHARD SPRINGER JOHNS
June 18, 1947
Panama Canal Zone

RANDALL SCOTT JOHNS
December 23, 1949
Napa, Napa County, California

RICHARD S. AND NORMA GIBBONS JOHNS

Our wedding takes place during World War II--war ends, one baby girl, Mary Katherine, and six years as an officer in the Air Force. What to do? Go for 20 years and retirement? It was a good decision to stay in as next year here came a darling baby girl, Jacquelyn Lee. The Air Force teased us along with a financial bill for her of \$20.00, so thirteen months later and 3,000 miles from home in Panama, little Ricky was born. Gee, what a smiling happy big boy with dimples, and oh, what a bargain! \$18.00. In Panama, Rick got his first assignment to fly a jet. Little did he know that six months before his return home, the government would send him to Germany to scare away the Russians during the Berlin Airlift.

He loved Germany and on returning to California in six months, via viewing the colored slides he had taken over there, we all hoped for a Germany assignment. Our first home was purchased in Napa, California and now was a good time to help fill that home with another baby. Randall Scott Johns, even though purchased cheap for hospital care, was born at Fort Hamilton and worth a million dollars, as all of our children are.

Kathy was photographed standing by a refrigerator with a glass of goat milk. This was published in a magazine. Her third grade was enjoyed here. War was over, Daddy Rick was home, life was good again, and much happiness was enjoyed by us all.

Then, in the Orient, the conflict following so close to a war was called the Korean Conflict and this is the time when Rick has a literal fulfillment of his patriarchal blessing. He flew ten months of combat

missions in Korea, flying F-86 Jet Fighters. The security and love I knew as a child beckoned me to St. Johns, and there Mom and Dad were so good to us while Rick was gone. Dad was father to my children and Mom kissed the scratched knees and gave them sugar cookies. During Kathy's babyhood, she was fortunate to have Mom care for her while I worked. Rick had just entered the service as a Pfc.

My mother has been such an inspiration in my life, as she is truly a strong person, and has encouraged and helped me to progress and solve the many problems of raising a family. Gramps was a real wonderful Pop--he felt keenly the absence of my husband and he saw that Christmas time didn't find us lacking for anything.

The newspapers and radio flashed "Captain Richard S. Johns downs MIG and damages 3 in air battle." He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal. He flew back to us in ten months, his total time away, and our second home in Phoenix, Ariz. saw many happy days. Being that close to St. Johns meant that we had many surprise and some planned visits from loved ones. Gramps loved to surprise us.

Jackie won an essay contest on "Safety Canals," and appeared on TV and was awarded \$3.00. Holland beckoned for three years. All the Gibbons brothers and sisters sent Mom and Dad to see us. Brother and Sister E. I. Whiting came too. We took a three week tour of Italy, Germany, France, Belgium and Holland. Paris was fun when Whitings took us to all the night life there. Mom and Dad came back to Holland and Whitings flew home. What a thrill it was to have them with us in a foreign country. Dad bought a suit in Rotterdam. Mom will testify we had fun that day catching a tram (streetcar). Hated to see them fly back to America without us.

Shortly afterward, we got to go to London, England and attend the second day of the dedication of the London Temple. While we were on tour with the folks, we attended sessions in the Swiss Temple in Bern, Switzerland.

Kathy played in the piano recital of Mr. Mostart, director, as did Ricky, Randy and Jackie. Ice skating was learned, also the Dutch language. We raised tulips too. Tremendously exciting times! We had crossed the Atlantic by Jet, 3,000 miles in 17 hours. Now, we returned vià ship in 8 days.

Three years, lots of scouts, piano, organ, church, school, Science Fair achievements--all on the Maxwell Air University Base, Montgomery, Alabama. In 1962, as Mission Supervisors, Rick and Norma served in Atlanta, Georgia, and Jackie was Mission Organist. A Youth Conference was held under their supervision, and as a result of this three day affair in Atlanta, 119 youth were baptized.

Our home became smaller when Kathy left for BYU and two years later she swelled our home by adding a husband, Gary Scott Barney. He is working on his Ph.D. in Chemistry. Seven hard years in the east convinced us that the West is really home. Having bargained for only twenty years of military service, we retired from the Air Force in June, 1963. United with loved ones on vacation.

Jackie has since graduated from high school and is off to BYU. She worked first semester at the Paramount Theater and did art work for the Archaeology Department. Kathy is working as receptionist for Hollywood Beauty School where she graduated as a beautician, and is now wishing for a family. Ricky graduated from high school this spring (May, 1965) and Randy is a sophomore in high school.

We are all happy on the Monterey Peninsula, near an army base, Ft. Ord. Rick is an Insurance Agent, and

has access to the base. This year we are particularly blessed to see the 50th wedding anniversary of Mom and Dad. We love and appreciate them with all our hearts.

Jack Vinson Gibbons

Branch 6







FAMILY OF JACK VINSON GIBBONS
AND DELLA DAVIS GIBBONS

JACK VINSON GIBBONS
July 30, 1925
Flagstaff, Coconino County, Arizona

DELLA DAVIS GIBBONS
April 18, 1927
St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona

CANDACE GIBBONS
August 22, 1954
Ft. Huachuca, Pima County, Arizona

JACK VINSON GIBBONS
December 7, 1956
St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona

LAURETTE GIBBONS
February 1, 1961
Springerville, Apache County, Arizona

BRETT ANDREW GIBBONS
January 24, 1963
Springerville, Apache County, Arizona

THE JACK V. GIBBONS FAMILY

Any narrative of my life would, of necessity, involve my mother. I was born at Flagstaff, Arizona somewhere between a double negative and a dangling participle, since Dad was attending summer school. After my birth, Mom felt like the fabled su-ah bird.

I don't remember those merry first years, but I am sure they were thrilling for those who were close enough to share any association with me.

Pre-school age, although dimming somewhat in my memory, was filled with all the things that normally fill a young boy's life in the country. Things such as football with the cushioning of Grandpa Hatch's lawn-covered hill, or rescuing Norma from a slow sinking bath in the "old John." My mighty and fierce stallions were purchased from the many poplar trees so that we cowboys could romp the range on our stick horses. Or coming home from play to find hot beans, doug-gads and lots of jelly. Or a dab of merthiolate on a skinned knee followed by the miraculous balm of a sweet kiss from mother on the injured part. Or the dubious thrill that comes from weeding a garden that seems to grow all up to corn.

But as all things are replaced with new, in time school age came to this young-un. My first year was spent in the old academy building where I majored in calculus and brain surgery. My teacher was Natalia Greer.

When I began my second grade, we were moved back to the school grounds proper where we were permitted to mingle with the rest of the studentbody. We had two teachers that year, Marie Hamblin and Grace Paddock.

Grades three and four were uneventful except in the latter part of the fourth grade we moved into what is now the Pioneer School. Dear Dad was principal throughout my grammar school years. Many were the happy times when the teacher would beckon to me that someone wanted to see me in the hall. The reward was always a tasty morsel of chocolate candy from Dad. The rest of the years in grammar school passed quickly and happily.

Being one who is always active in sports, fondly I remember the many wonderful times spent chasing the soccer ball around and around the old school building. I remember the time that I kicked the ball and knocked Richard Stradling not once but twice from his perch on the slide.

The day my eighth grade graduation arrived was the day I felt I had fully achieved manhood. In order to keep from embarrassing Dad, I purposely held back and let two of the girls give the valedictorian and salutatorian addresses.

Oh, the humiliation when I was reduced from King-pin of the eighth grade to a lowly freshman! It took some years to secure the position I had once enjoyed. My freshman year I was elected class president. It was at this time that I first dated my future wife, Della Davis. She was in the seventh grade. Our romance, during those young years, mainly consisted of walking her home after bonfires, mutual and church.

During my sophomore year I entered sports and was rather successful until the terrible night that I was late for a big game. I hurriedly dressed and breathlessly rushed in and sat on the bench. The coach motioned for me to enter the game and I quickly dropped my sweat suit only to find to my horror that I had forgotten to put on my trunks! Amid the gasps of the brutal crowd, I retreated to the sanctity of my mother's arms.

At the beginning of my junior year I had plans for the big opening school dance. Della was now entering her freshman year and during the summer I had asked her for a date to this event. The catastrophe struck! We had our first "big" quarrel. I asked my old girl friend for a date and Della showed up at the dance with a hometown soldier on leave. We were both miserable and after our first look at each other I asked for a dance. From then on throughout the dance we danced nearly every set together. To say that our dates were upset is to put it mildly. I asked Della if she would meet me after we were rid of our respective dates and she agreed. I rushed my date home and then went to await her. Quite a bit of time sped by because the soldier had taken Della out to "Grover's Hill" and parked. She convinced him it was of no use and he brought her home. There never was a sweeter making up. We were then steadies, and although we were very young our love never wavered, even through the quarrels and pitfalls the young have.

My senior year was filled with normal activities, such as football, basketball, track and of course, yes, studies. It was highlighted by my being elected student-body president. Near the end of it, I took an examination and was selected to attend Southern Methodist University under the V-12 Navy college training program.

Graduation time came and I was asked to play a clarinet solo. I asked my sweetheart to accompany me on the piano. The girls in my class gave us special consideration and asked Della if she would like to wear a formal to the graduation. Her mother had made her a very lovely formal for the Prom the month before, and Mr. L. P. Sherwood, our principal, thought it was very beautiful too. We think he might have had some influence in this suggestion and it seemed to make my graduation more special because everyone was so kind.

After graduation I worked for Wilford Shumway at a sawmill out of Winslow. I came home on weekends. This

was the summer of 1943. With some of my earnings I purchased a lovely cameo ring that cost much more than I could afford but I wanted it for Della. When I gave it to her she was fifteen years old and she still has it. She has promised this to Candace and the ring seems more lovely than ever.

On October 29, 1943, I left for Dallas, Texas to attend Southern Methodist University. It was a tearful farewell with my mother and Della. I was excited though about college and looking forward to the experience.

I came home on leave at Christmas time and brought with me a beautiful little engagement ring for Della. We made our announcement Christmas night at the dance. We were so happy and it seemed the whole town was as thrilled as we were.

I returned to college and attended S.M.U. for fifteen months, after which time I was transferred unwittingly to Great Lakes Naval Station for regular training of a six weeks period. From there I was sent to the submarine base in New London, Connecticut for further naval training. Prior to the time of going there I was given a five-day leave. Della and I planned our wedding for this time. All the planning was done through correspondence and it was an exciting time. Our only regret was that the Arizona Temple was closed for repairs.

The night of the wedding arrived and there was much confusion at my home too because some of my sisters were bridesmaids. I was in the back bedroom dressing in my tailor-made sailor's uniform, feeling very alone and scared. When I came out of the room, the rest of the house was completely silent. In their haste, the family had left the groom and so I walked alone to my bride's home.

To tell about the wedding I would rather quote from Mrs. Letty A. Patterson, a high school teacher of us

both, who wrote the event up for the local paper:

"Culminating a delightful high school romance, Miss Della Davis became the bride of S 1/C Jack Gibbons on Saturday night, March 3rd, in a beautifully-arranged wedding at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mark S. Davis. Bishop Carl A. Anderson officiating in the marriage rites.

"At seven o'clock the triumphant strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March ushered in the participants. Bishop Anderson, entering from the west room, was followed by Jack in the dignified blue of the U. S. Navy. Jack's best man was his younger brother, Max, who flaunted a white boutonniere in his coat lapel.

"Soon from the north room, moving gracefully down the aisle between the guest seats, emerged such a procession of lovely femininity enhanced by the spring loveliness of pastel gowns and vari-colored lace and ribbon-trimmed floral pieces, as to stir even the oldest heart with either memories or vicarious romance.

"Miss Ruth Patterson, maid of honor, wore green net with yellow flowers; next came bride's maids Colleen Patterson in pink marquisette with blue velvet bows and LaVelle Gibbons Whiting in yellow net; Norma Gibbons Johns and Helen Gibbons Sullivan were lovely in pale blue net and chiffon. Following the bride's maids came young Sue Thurber and LaRae Davis, sister of the bride, as flower girls in yellow and blue net. Tiny but important Pamela Jo Whiting trailed along behind the flower girls in her floor length lavender net.

"And now came the sweet girl-bride on the arm of her distinguished-looking father. Della wore bouffant white net with a white tiara and short veil. In her arms she carried a bridal bouquet of white gladioli and dainty bridal wreath tied with a white satin bow.

"Immediately following the pronouncement of the marriage vows, the strains of Irving Berlin's much-loved "Always" furnished background for the usual amount of wedding chatter, laughter and tears."

After the ceremony, a wedding reception was held for us at the church and a capacity crowd attended. The town was grand to us. We were especially pleased to have both our grandparents at the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Alma Davis and Mr. and Mrs. John Hatch.

Together we spent the rest of my service time in New London, Conn. in the submarine service. It was quite an experience for the two of us, so far from home, and being only seventeen and nineteen years of age. We truly believe that this first year cemented our marriage and helped us through the hard times ahead. Della took the Civil Service examination and was appointed to a job on the lower submarine base. I was in the medical department on the upper base. A short while before the war ended I was assigned to submarine school but never had to go. In February of 1946, I received my discharge and Della and I began our "Sentimental Journey" home.

We stayed in St. Johns until June 5th when Dad and Mom Davis took us to Mesa and there we were married in the Temple. We were so happy to receive this blessing. We then left for California where I entered the University of Southern California and began my pre-dental schooling. Della secured a job with a botanist on the campus so we could spend some time together. I completed my pre-dental, counting the fifteen months of college in the Navy, in a year or so. Then began the long wait for acceptance into dental school. The competition was keen but we would not give up. After two years of waiting, we received that glorious letter saying I had been accepted. The man who played a very important role in helping us was Dr. Sydney Cross, the orthodontist who straightened

Della's teeth. Between his influence and my visiting the Dean every month, plus my grade average, I finally made it. Then began four years of intensive studying. During this time we attended Adams Ward and had many church jobs. We made some wonderful friends both in the church and at school. Our Bishop, Dr. Juel L. Andreason, was a dentist and he offered Della the job of being his dental assistant. It was a wonderful opportunity. She enjoyed working for him the last three years we were there.

Graduation day was a personal triumph to the two of us, since we had spent seven years of our life to secure my education. During all this time my wife faithfully worked in order to insure my being able to stay in school. Graduation was a warm, lovely day in June and both our parents traveled the many miles to be with us. Also my sister, LaVelle, and her husband, Virgil, and family came. Our dear, close friends, George and Armanelle Francom and Dr. and Mrs. Sydney Cross who took beautiful pictures of the occasion. When we look back on those years, we consider them some of our best. There were times without food when our dear folks would come through with a ten dollar bill but we managed mostly ourselves. Dad Davis gave us a fat calf the summer before I entered dental school and its posterity helped us at the last.

Following graduation, I again entered the services but this time it was the Army as a first lieutenant. We were stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco for some eight months. We enjoyed this very much and San Francisco is a special place to us. Up to this time we had not been able to have any children, and it was just by chance that I located the services of a specialist in San Francisco who diagnosed directly our problem and Della became pregnant while we were in San Francisco. We were then transferred to Fort Huachuca, at which station I finished my two years in the army.

On August 22, 1954, our first child was born at the Fort Huachuca hospital. We named her Candace and oh,

the thrill the two of us experienced when this sweet child filled our life with happiness. We had been married nine years and it seemed such a miracle. She weighed eight pounds, twelve ounces and looked a month old. She was beautiful with such black hair and white skin. Candace is a joy in our home and has always been of a happy nature.

In June, 1955, I received my discharge from the Army and we returned to St. Johns where I set up my first civilian practice. The town had built an office for me onto the St. Johns Community Hospital.

On December 7, 1956, our second child, Jack Vinson Gibbons, Jr. was born in the St. Johns Community Hospital. He was due on Christmas Day but arrived three weeks early. Della says he was very determined and impatient from the moment she felt life with him. He is still a determined little boy and we believe he will go far in whatever he sets his mind to. Vince has a very loving nature.

A tragedy struck our family on May 31, 1958. We lost our third child, Andra, who was stillborn. This was a very hard period for us. Della became ill afterward and the doctor believed it was from suffering over the loss of the child.

In 1960, we moved our office to its present location in Springerville, which has proved to be very advantageous for us.

On February 1, 1961, our fourth child, Laurette, was born at the White Mountain Communities Hospital in Springerville. She was a sweet little doll to behold. The doctor was afraid of losing both Della and the baby and after she was born, Della could hardly believe she had been blessed to keep her. Laurette loves everyone and cannot stand harshness of any kind. She has such a sweet nature.

On January 24, 1963, our fifth child, Brett Andrew was born at the White Mountain Communities Hospital in Springerville. He was our biggest baby, lacking one ounce of being nine pounds. He came into the world with a strong pair of lungs and he still loves to be heard. He is our little "toughie." "Bretty Boy," as we call him, wants to be in the middle of all of us. He is of a very sociable nature.

My wife has collaborated with me in the writing of this history. The Lord has been very good to us, and we wish to acknowledge his hand in all of the things that have happened to us as a family. In our wonderful home town we enjoy the company of my parents and also Della's parents. We have a beautiful home and our children are healthy, happy and normal in every way. We pray that the Lord will bless us as a family and also bless the entire M. V. Gibbons posterity from this date forward.

Val Max Gibbons

Branch 7







FAMILY OF VAL MAX GIBBONS
AND JOAN AUL GIBBONS

VAL MAX GIBBONS
September 23, 1928
St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona

JOAN AUL GIBBONS
July 19, 1934
Ramah, New Mexico

VALRI JEAN GIBBONS
October 13, 1954
Los Angeles, California

DEBRA ANN GIBBONS
December 21, 1955
Los Angeles, California

MARION TODD GIBBONS
August 14, 1957
Los Angeles, California

BRIAN MAX GIBBONS
April 13, 1959
Holbrook, Navajo County, Arizona

GREGG ALAN GIBBONS
December 14, 1961
Holbrook, Navajo County, Arizona

ERIC JOHN GIBBONS
February 15, 1964
Holbrook, Navajo County, Arizona

LISA JO GIBBONS
August 7, 1966
Holbrook, Navajo County, Arizona

LUCKY NUMBER 7 AND HIS LUCKY 7

Dedicated to the best parents a boy ever had,
Mammy and Pappy Gibbons

This history of the Max Gibbons family began officially and legally on September 2, 1952, in the Manti Temple in Manti, Utah.

I reflected, while in the Terrestrial Room of this temple, of the events that had transpired from the time I met Joan to this point in the temple ceremony. Before I was able to reflect very far, Pap nudged me in the ribs and pointed towards his abdomen which looked swollen under his temple clothing. I quickly surveyed the situation and diagnosed the probable sickness, and suggested to him that I help him out and to medical care. He calmly beckoned me closer to see what it was, and, to my relief, but not to my surprise, it was a towel he had absent-mindedly kept and hidden under his temple clothes. Pap had not disappointed the Lord, as he was usually in the habit of doing things differently than anyone else while in these holy places.

I again settled back and remembered my return home from my mission and the first dance I had attended in over two years in which I was able to allow myself the freedom of dancing with girls. I had danced with Joan several times during the dance and was impressed with her, but I hadn't remembered her before I left St. Johns, so was looking for a date with a girl I had remembered. As it turned out, this one girl already had a date so I asked Joan if she would let me take her home. She agreed and from that night on, my dates with her continued steadily.

The romance looked as if it would end after her graduation from high school, as she went to California with her parents. I, of course, remained in St. Johns to work and prepare to return to college at U.S.C. in Los Angeles. One night, after Pete and I returned from a show, I told the folks I thought I would propose to Joan. Pap insisted I get on the phone and call her about it immediately. Being of obedient nature, I followed his instructions, and within a few minutes she had accepted my proposal.

After a summer of college, I rode to Manti with another student and his wife. Joan came from California with her dad and baby sister, and Pappy and Mammy drove from St. Johns for the ceremony. That brought me up to the time I sat reflecting there in the temple. The ceremony was a very inspiring one, and was performed by President Peterson, president of the Manti Temple.

From this point on, in our married life, till I graduated five years later, a student's lot in life was ours. Because of the time element, we rushed back to St. Johns for our reception Thursday evening then on to Los Angeles to be there Monday for the beginning of the fall semester. Our life now consisted of school schedules, studying and the routine of jobs that held no particular interest except to help pay for schooling and books, etc., and provided enough for an occasional movie which eased shattered nerves and quieted mounting tensions that such a life creates.

I entered L.A.C.O. in the fall of 1954, as a sophomore. Valri Jean, our first child, also made her entrance into the world and into our hearts and lives that same fall, October 13, 1954. This predicament took Joan off payrolls and our subsistence consisted of our GI check, moneys we had saved before the baby was born, and our part-time jobs.

The semester ended, scholastically a success, with me being on the Dean's list, but it also terminated the

GI check and brought the new expenses of a semester. In the midst of this elation over grades, there were the dismal financial prospects of going into debt to finish school. Providence manifested itself in a telephone call from the president of the Elders' Quorum. He told me of a night-watchman's job that, if obtained, would carry us over the financial hurdle through the time of graduation. I was selected over several applicants for the job, and the tremendous burden of financial bondage was lifted. School proceeded with the daily schedule as follows: School started at 8:00 a.m. and let out at 5:00 or 6:00 p.m., then home to sleep until 10:30 p.m., getting up and eating and being out on the job at 11:30 p.m., making routine night-watchman checks on the plant and studying throughout the night until 7:30 in the morning and then back to school at 8:00. Joan's part-time job was phone soliciting for the Deseret Industries, taking care of the children, guarding the home at night, and looking forward to better days.

After Val's birth in 1954, Debra Ann came into the picture on December 21, 1955, not an unwelcome, but a surprise guest--one that caused worry and apprehension because of complications previous to her birth and her premature arrival--all added to the weight of the always present financial stress.

As each year passed, bringing us closer to graduation and eventual financial solvency, we continued the course of higher education. The day finally arrived when I donned the cap, gown and cape signifying that I was now a Doctor of Optometry with the honor of Cum Laude. That occasion was celebrated with the presence of our beloved Mom and Dad, Virgil and Velle, Dr. Jack and Della, and our first son, Marion Todd, who was to make his appearance two months later on August 14, 1957.

We next found ourselves in a 1942 Chevy coupe that was fifteen years old, pulling a four-wheel tandem trailer at a pioneer speed of eighteen miles per hour

from Los Angeles to Kingman. The regular and white gas of Whiting Brothers service stations was no longer able to supply the necessary energy for this wonderful machine to make it to St. Johns with all of its burden. Zion's Camp from St. Johns met us with their new prairie schooner, an Edsel, with supplies and food for all. We soon arrived over Grover's Hill safe and sound on Sept. 27, 1957. The treck had lasted four days and little Todd, who was six weeks old, was no worse for the wear.

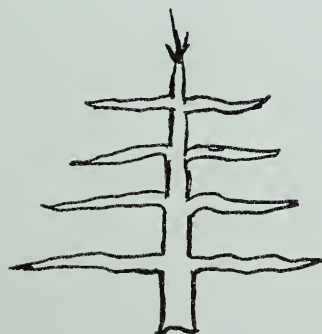
We established our practice in Holbrook and immediately felt the warmth of this new community. Our practice enabled us to move from a rental to our new home December 1, 1958, an event that was eclipsed only by the birth of our second son, Brian Max, on April 13, 1959. In this environment our lives took on a totally new meaning and new goals. In the midst of all of this, a call came to serve as 1st counselor to the bishop of the newly organized Holbrook 2nd Ward.

Then came Gregg Alan, better known as Binky, on December 14, 1961, and since his arrival no one in the family has been without entertainment when he is around.

Our next bi-annual blessed event occurred February 15, 1964 in the form of Eric John, and, as providence plans surprises, it was I who was made Bishop of Holbrook 2nd Ward on May 16, 1965, shortly after Eric's first birthday, and this brings us to another great milestone in our lives--the Golden Wedding Anniversary of our loving Mammy and Pappy.

Robert Ray Gibbons

Branch 8







FAMILY OF ROBERT RAY GIBBONS
AND YVONNE MILLS GIBBONS

ROBERT RAY GIBBONS
May 5, 1935
St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona

YVONNE MILLS GIBBONS
March 2, 1936
Show Low,¹ Navajo County, Arizona

MICHAEL ANDRES GIBBONS
January 10, 1964
Phoenix, Maricopa County, Arizona

ROBERT BRYN GIBBONS
December 7, 1965
Phoenix, Maricopa County, Arizona

KEVIN MILLS GIBBONS
December 12, 1967
McNary, Apache County, Arizona

THE ROBERT RAY GIBBONS FAMILY

Do you remember the tamaracks out back? Or Pop's hedge out front? Did you ever chew your tongue and pet ol' Shep? How about the salt grass pastures and the drain bridge? Ever see how high you could climb in the cottonwoods up at the corner, or how deep you could dig a hideout in the upper lot? I have.

Just remembering these things kindles a warm glow within me. I suppose nothing ever really replaces those gilded memories of childhood. Being born of goodly parents, into a goodly family, my remembrances of those golden days are extra special.

I was sort of a P.S. added on to the end of the family after the folks had signed off with Max. Actually, LaVelle never did want me, Katy later repented of urging the folks to order me, and Max began teasing me as soon as I arrived. So, it is no wonder that I am what I am.

But, Mom and Dad cared. And regardless of what the others will say, they didn't spoil me. Why, I remember well having to suffer through trips to Dallas, Los Angeles, and San Francisco all by myself. Of course, when Dad appointed me his "chief deputy" it eased the tension. Mom was very strict with me. She saved me from a life of crime by jerking me out of that den of iniquity--Walt's Cafe and its pinball machines. She also taught me the importance of a clean tongue--using old lye soap! Max, a diligent defender of my virtues, had caught me referring to our neighbor in terms I had learned from him. Ecchhhh! I can still taste the cleansing!

Dad enrolled his "last chick" in the ol' District #11 in 1943 and from his vantage point of the principalship, watched over me through vaccinations, recesses, and eight years of enjoyable schooling. I remember him signaling to me through the third grade door (remember, they used to have glass at the top) to meet him out in the hall. Happiness is a candy bar sneaked in between multiplication tables!

In the fifth grade, Mother once again rescued her straying son. This time it was from the clutches of pornographic poetry (very little rhyme and less content) Yes sir, her stern lecture was the closest we ever came to the birds and the bees. I thought at the time that I wasn't really responsible for my actions. I actually was the victim of brain damage brought on by frequent and severe doses of Epsom salts and Dr. Hinckle pills! Anything that took that much out of you was bound to lessen the I.Q. These obstacles notwithstanding, I graduated high in my class. Mom was proud and marched me up to Pop Thurber's for a tailor-made, double-breasted suit. I can still remember parts of the speech Dad made up for me--something about "each new goal achieved brings only the sight of newer and greater horizons ahead." He always could say it just right.

Bless Mom! High school came and she saw me through the difficult time of adolescence, with love and understanding. She didn't come up with any panacea for all life's problems but she gave me something better--faith. She showed me the beauty of love and appreciation. Dad has always been an inspiration to me as to the beauty of intellect and good fun. He was always ready to knock flies or do the crossword puzzles. Now that I'm putting these qualities into writing, I am aware of the tremendous start they were capable of giving the family.

When I turned 16, that brought me the long-awaited driver's license. This in turn precipitated a crisis. Dad would rather part with the living-room furniture

than his car. So, I was duly instructed as to the proper use and operation of said vehicle. I was then turned loose on the unsuspecting driving public. I was firmly reminded from time to time of my obligations to the welfare of Dad's car; so much so that I instructed all those riding with me that if we were ever in an accident and the car was damaged while I was not, they were to hit me over the head with the tire iron. I wouldn't dare go home safe and sound to tell Dad about a crumpled fender.

My high school days were joyous ones. Lasting friendships were formed and unforgettable memories made. Among those memories are Rex Lee, Frank Wilbur, Bill Richey, Larry Shumway and William Rothlisberger. We dauntless six were together through Spanish, band and choir. And those subjects were taught by Mr. Thad Greer. I cannot truthfully say that we were Thad's prize students or star performers, but we have to rank as some of his most active proteges. Through him we received instruction in several areas not listed in the school curriculum--foot-racing, fisticuffs, joke-telling, rasslin', and a great deal of other invaluable information. In the final analysis, however, he set a standard of excellence in performance that has proved a source of satisfaction to me throughout my life. Both music and Spanish are centrally important to me and I am grateful to Mr. Greer for his guidance. In addition, no other teachers or professors have inspired me more than Mrs. Letty Patterson and Mr. L. P. Sherwood. As for the other gentlemen mentioned previously, they were great guys and we shared adventures and mis-adventures in school, church and community. Larry and Frank were the musicians, Bill was the athlete, Rex the brain, Willie the comic and I sorta hung around for the fun. Sports have always been enjoyable for me and I was on the basketball and football teams. As a matter of fact, I hold a signal honor from SJHS in that my football helmet has been retired. No one has worn it since I hung it up after our last victory!

(Actually, it's because no other kid has been able to measure up to its 7-3/4 size.)

It was in high school that I decided to become a teacher. I received an academic scholarship to attend A.S.C. in Flagstaff and began there with a major in English and a minor in Spanish. My first year at college was a very rewarding one. I was made a member of the Freshman Honor Society and of the Honorary Fraternity in Music, while being elected president of the sophomore class. If I hadn't been caught trying to sneak by in non-swimmers' P.E., I'd have finished with a spectacular grade average. Then, my sophomore year, I discovered the snack bar and recreation rooms in the Student Union. That was my undoing. But what a glorious year! I was active in the band and L.D.S. fraternity, worked part-time at Food Town, and had some great roommates in Cottage City. My sophomore year was also a critical one in my life. It was then that I became acquainted with Miss Yvonne Mills. She was a pretty blonde that played trumpet in the band, and was always present at all church meetings, and went with a buddy of mine. She was, and is, an excellent pianist and a fine musician. (She also used to shoot a mean game of pool.) She and I were great pals right from the start, our mutual best friend notwithstanding, and she counseled me on many things, from my own romances to financial matters. Then, during Christmas vacation, we found that there was a definite possibility of something deeper than just friendship. But a church mission was to interrupt.

My two and a half years in Uruguay gave me the spiritual foundation that has guided me through my life. A great number of choice experiences convinced me of the truthfulness of the Plan of Salvation and the divine mission of the church. I grew to love and admire the Uruguayan people. I was blessed with a Uruguayan companion of such a spiritual stature that he was later called to serve as the first Patriarch of the Montevideo

Stake. My appreciation for his contribution to my life is shown by the fact that our first son carries his name.

When I left on my mission, little did I dream that Miss Mills would be waiting when I returned. I remember once she wrote me and mentioned the amount of her starting salary in her first teaching position. I, in turn, wrote Mom and jokingly told her that if \$4,300 wasn't true love, I didn't know what was. Wow! Mom shot back a letter informing me that she might be old-fashioned but love shouldn't be measured in dollars and cents. Mom, may I assure you that the love in the home of the youngest Gibbons is too great to be measured in any way at all.

I returned from Uruguay and the folks went to Europe. Dad noted the mileage and gave me the keys to the car for the summer. Notice, I said the keys to the car; he forgot the keys to the gas tank. I managed all right though. As a matter of fact, that was the summer that was. Mom and Dad returned to find the "last chick" ready to take "the step." Yvonne and I were married October 17, 1958. That was the most joyous day of our lives.

Yvonne brought home the bacon for the next two years while I completed my education at ASU, Tempe. What a hectic, unforgettable two years they were. We lived at the Whiting Brothers' Lumber Yard and were members of the Fourth Ward. I was blessed to receive a call to serve in the bishopric there. My father ordained me a High Priest and in this way made the calling even more special.

Upon graduating from ASU in 1960, I began teaching Spanish in Phoenix where I enjoyed tremendously six years of working with young people. There is a unique satisfaction in being involved in the dynamic process of education.

In 1962, we joined the ranks of the harried, overburdened home owners. We loved our home at 914 Concorda in Tempe! It was just what we wanted and we settled down

to a good life of teaching and church service. I continued my education and in 1963 received an M.A. in Spanish. Life had been very good to us--except for one thing--we were not blessed with children. We were sustained by a promise given to both of us. A surprisingly similar sentence is to be found in our patriarchal blessings which states: "Chosen spirits will be sent to grace your home." Little did we know how literally this was to be fulfilled. We were to choose the first two spirits that graced our home. On January 10, 1964, Michael Andres was born. Six days later he was presented to us by the Relief Society Adoption Agency and eighteen months later in His Holy House, the Lord said he was ours for time and eternity. He was such a handsome, healthy baby that he dominated our hearts, thoughts and lives from the first moment. Life was now complete. What more could we want? How about another chosen spirit? Robert Bryn was born December 7, 1965. Never was there a baby loved so completely. He was our boy and he had assured his place in our hearts and lives. Our two boys are as different as can be, Bryn being small and slight, while Mick is large. The differences in their personalities are as pronounced but only makes them that much more special.

1966 was the year of the great change. Not really expecting anything to come of it, I had made application for a position with the U.S. Information Agency and had gone through the subsequent formalities with even less expectancy. But in January, it came through and I was assigned to Baghdad, Iraq. Yes, you read correctly--Baghdad, Iraq. It's a long way--in time as well as distance--from Tempe, Arizona to Baghdad and a long way from teaching Spanish to supervising an information center. Nevertheless, we gathered up our flock and with only a fleeting glance back to our stable world, we jumped into the unknown. We spent a lovely spring in Washington, D. C. while I was receiving my initial training. We also got our first introduction to the wonders of meeting new people, visiting exciting places

and participating in an entirely different life. Our trip to Iraq was a sample of what was to come. Traveling is indeed an education in and of itself. All those places that before were only tempting pages in travel magazines now spread out before our very eyes.

As soon as we bridged the gap between the Arabic culture and our own, we became enchanted with our new world. We found the people to be most open and generous. We felt fortunate to share their friendship. In Baghdad our experiences ranged from a visit to the abode of a real sheik to digging for relics among the ruins of ancient Babylon, from an unforgettable two weeks in Egypt to bartering in the depths of the bazaars, from riding camels in full Bedouin regalia to traveling by car from Beirut to Teheran--the list could be extended. We went through several firsts--my first seminar on English teaching, Yvonne's first official dinner party, Michael's first days in a British school, and Bryn's first words--in Arabic. We had a thrilling experience with the organization of the Baghdad Branch of the Swiss Mission and I had the humbling privilege of being called as the first properly ordained leader in that part of the world for centuries.

Once again we had settled down into a routine that we thoroughly enjoyed. But, unfortunately, it was short-lived. With the outbreak of Arab-Israeli hostilities, diplomatic relations between Iraq and the U.S. were severed and we were given twelve hours to leave the country. In the dead of night and with only one suitcase per person, we left Baghdad never to return. However, we took with us innumerable memories and a deeper appreciation for all of our Heavenly Father's children.

We were evacuated to Teheran where we spent an anxious two months awaiting reassignment. We were thrilled when the news finally came through that Caracas, Venezuela was our next post. The trip back took us through southern Europe with a very important stop-over in Switzerland. It

was in the Swiss Temple that Bryn was sealed to us in one of the most beautiful ceremonies we have witnessed. A special ceremony in a very special place for a special child. He is now ours--the Lord said so.

The real miracle of Baghdad, as all miracles, came about quietly and without fanfare. After ten years of hoping and praying, the Lord had made possible a child of our own. Yvonne's pregnancy was almost two months along when we left Iraq and we had not dared allow ourselves to dream of such a wonderful blessing. As a matter of fact, when we separated in New York two months later, I was still the Doubting Thomas. Yvonne came home to Arizona to wait for the day and I went on to our new assignment. When I rejoined the family in December, 1967, there was no more room for doubt. As a matter of fact, there was really no more room for anything. And so in the midst of a record blizzard, our record-setter was born--Kevin Mills. He was the only beautiful new-born baby I've ever seen. You can imagine the thrill of seeing your own flesh and blood after ten years of waiting. With regards to our children, we have been blessed beyond our dreams because the Lord used both of His special ways to send us our children.

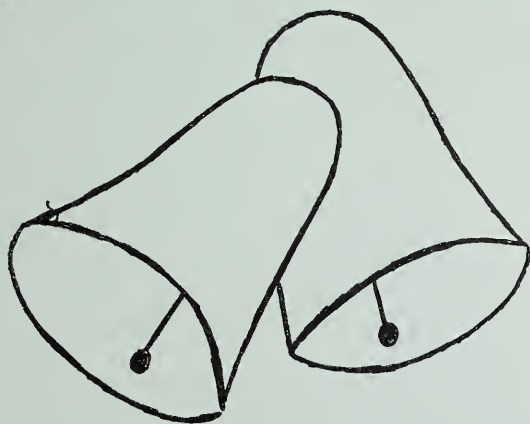
With the land in the grips of a winter so fierce that it froze Kevin's hair permanently white, it was time to fly south--to Caracas and a new life.

What a full and satisfying life it has been. Our children are growing like Spanish-speaking weeds and are having wonderful dimensions added to their growing up. Yvonne and I are busy with a full schedule of social and cultural events connected with my work. We find these activities most enjoyable but the real joy of our life is service to the church. As my boss put it, "Gibbons, I've got you pegged. Your government job is only a cover for your church work!" He may be right. I have had the blessing of serving in the first presidency of the Colombia-Venezuelan Mission. We

have experienced all the joys and disappointments that come with a brand new mission. The work there is certainly not easy and it requires the complete devotion and humility of all the missionaries. Both the Lord and the adversary seem to be working overtime on our behalf. Yvonne is serving as the President of the Mission Primary. Her work there is tremendous. She brings to any task an unbelievable amount of dedication; in the work of the Lord she doubles her efforts. We of the Mission Presidency feel that her contributions to the beginning of our mission are invaluable.

As I bring to a close this narration of my life, I realize even more fully how blessed we are as a family. We have had implanted firmly in our hearts a system of values that indeed places first things first; a love for our Father in Heaven and His Gospel, an appreciation for the fine things in life, and a desire to develop our abilities. I once asked Mom and Dad just what I could do to repay them for all they had done for me. In their answer rings the challenge and principal responsibility of us all. They simply replied, "Be the best parent you possibly can and pass our name on to an even more worthy generation." I pray that the Lord will bless us all to this end.

Golden Wedding





LADY, QUEEN OF MY HEART

by LaVelle DeSpain

Lady, Queen of my heart,
You were my lady right from the start
You were my everything, a lady so fine,
I thank the dear Lord that He made you mine.
Mother of my children and fifty years my wife
You'll still be my lady in that other life.

Yes, you were my lady and I was your beau,
I knew it the first night, tho' you didn't know.
I knew it the first night you sat by my side,
That some day I'd ask you and you'd be my bride.
We made a vow together that evening in June,
Mother Nature smiled down and gave us a moon.

Yes, you were my lady and I was your beau
And you were so coy, though I didn't know.
Fifty years my lady and also my bride,
We've traveled down life's highway side by side.
The vows we made together that evening in June
Are as lasting and binding as the stars and the moon.

Love songs have been written since first time began
'Bout love for his lady and hers for her man,
But none can compare with my love for you,
It's been tested and tried and still it is true.
And tho' we're growing older it's still nice to know
That you are my Lady and I'm still your beau.

LADY, QUEEN OF MY HEART

Words by LaVelle DeSpain

Music by Yvonne Gibbons

A handwritten musical score for the song "Lady, Queen of My Heart". The score is written on four systems of grand staves (treble and bass clef). The time signature is 3/4. The notation is in black ink on aged paper. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The second system continues the melody with some rests in the treble. The third system features a more active treble line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The fourth system concludes the visible portion of the score with a final cadence in the treble and sustained chords in the bass.



A MORMON PADRE

A Mor-mon Pa-dre likes to see his Mor-mon

The first system of the musical score for 'A Mormon Padre'. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4 and B4, then a quarter note C5, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff has a 3/4 time signature and provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

fam-ily all a-gree, A prat-tling in-fant on his

The second system of the musical score. The treble staff continues the melody with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics 'fam-ily all a-gree, A prat-tling in-fant on his' are written below the treble staff.

knee cry-ing, Dad-dy, I'm a Mor-mon.

The third system of the musical score. The treble staff has a key signature change to two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody continues with a series of quarter and eighth notes. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics 'knee cry-ing, Dad-dy, I'm a Mor-mon.' are written below the treble staff.

Oh, the mer-ry--- yea, the mer-ry---

The fourth system of the musical score. The treble staff continues the melody with a series of quarter and eighth notes. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics 'Oh, the mer-ry--- yea, the mer-ry---' are written below the treble staff.

Oh, the mer-ry Mor-mons. I nev-er knew what joy could

be, 'till I be- came a Mor-mon.

A Mormon Padre likes to see
 His Mormon family all agree,
 A prattling infant on his knee,
 Crying, Daddy, I'm a Mormon.
 Oh, the merry---yea, the merry---
 Oh, the merry Mormons.
 I never knew what joy could be,
 'Till I became a Mormon.

GRANDMA AT THE CARNIVAL

"Now, Dad, be a good sport and try to have fun; it means so much to Leona, Marion, and especially to Alan and Jan. Tonight is their treat and they chose the Carnival. It won't hurt you to miss Huntley and Brinkley just one night. My, aren't these the best hot dogs, and this pop is almost icy, just the way I like it. Dad, did you taste this cotton candy? It's just out of this world."

"Now, lady, don't you think that's going too far? As for the hot dogs and pop, I think I'm going to be sick, and the cotton candy tastes like a bunch of sickening fluff. Oh, a candied apple for dear old Gramps. Thank you Alan. Boy, that's just what I wanted to top off that last bag of popcorn Jan gave me. Now I am going to be sick. Well, lady, here is the roller coaster. No children, I don't think Gramps can go on this ride, but dear old Granny loves to ride the roller coaster, don't you lady? Sure, Granny will go with you."

"Oh, please, Grandma, please, Grandma, go with us. Mama, Grandma is going with us, aren't you Grandma?"

"No, I'm not going. I don't like roller coasters and besides, that's a child's roller coaster and I'm too fat. Why, I'd probably stop it."

"Oh, Mother, you're not too fat; if you knew how Jan and Alan have waited for this--sure, Grandma will go, won't you, Mom?"

"Take them yourself, Marion Gibbons, they're your grandkids too. I'm not going to get on that roller coaster and that's that! Why don't you go Dad? Your knees are too fat? That's a good excuse. (aside) You can bet none of them want to be made a fool of,

especially prissy old Dad. Why do I always get pushed into these things? Well, this is one time I'm not going to be the goat."

"Here's the tickets, lady, three of them. Hurry, dear, the man is waiting."

"Dear, yourself! I don't want to go; this is ridiculous."

"Now, lady, be a good sport, remember it's for the children. Here is the car, lady. Alan, let dear old Granny in the middle."

"Now, don't be afraid, Mom, we'll be waiting for you down here."

"I'm so embarrassed. How did I ever get into such a predicament? The poor man can hardly get us all three in this little car. I'm so scared, and I hate heights. Where's my purse? Oh, dear here we go! Oh no, it's so high. Oh, Alan and Jan, hold onto Grandma. Will this never stop going up? I'll probably have a heart attack. Oh, this is awful. We're so high. How I wish I hadn't eaten that hot dog; I feel sick. We're falling, we're falling. Hold on, Jan, here comes a mean curve. Oh, dammit! I said it and I'm glad! I didn't want to go anyway; they make me so mad. There goes my hat, and my skirt. Oh, no, oh no, is this another steep incline before another fall?"

"Grandma, this next one isn't so bad, is it Jan? The pull is a little harder, but the fall is really fun."

"Alan, what's the matter? The car is jerking and tugging. I don't think we'll make it. This thing hasn't any power."

"I told you the pull was harder, Grandma, don't worry."

"Hey, we're about to stop; it's barely crawling. Oh no, what now? Power failure? Power failure nothing, it's me, I know it's me."

"Oh, Grandma, we're stopped right in the middle. If Grandma hadn't come, this wouldn't have happened."

"Don't move, Jan, hold still, you're rocking the car. Alan, hold still."

"I didn't move, Grandma."

"Well, don't even breathe then."

"Grandma, the car can't move, we're stuck."

"Oh, that smart aleck Grandpa. Look at them laughing. I wouldn't be up here, if he'd shut up. Alan, don't cry. Everyone is looking at us. Jan, don't move; you're shaking the car. Won't that man ever get us going?"

"Grandma, look at all those people down there. I'll bet they have to bring a net and we'll have to jump, just like in the movies when a house is burning."

"Well, it's not a house that's burning now; it's me! If I have to stay up here all day and all night, I'll never jump. If only I had my hat to hide this red face. Oh, all those people."

"Grandma, I need to go to the bathroom."

"Janice Anne Gibbons, at a time like this, you need to go to the bathroom! Try to think of something else--like how we're going to get down. What did the man say, Alan?"

"He says he can't get it started. You're too heavy, Grandma."

"Oh, why don't those snoopy people go home. Haven't they ever seen a silly old grandma suspended at a ninety degree angle before?"

"Look, Grandma, the man's bringing a ladder. Goody, goody, we get to climb down the ladder. Won't that be fun, Grandma?"

"Alan, quit jumping up and down. My, that's a flimsy looking ladder, and all those people down there and this full skirt. (Shuts her eyes) I won't do it, I can't, I can't! If I have to spend the rest of my life up here, I can't. Alan, you go first. Don't rock it, Alan, get out gently. My turn? I can't do it. You'll have to get a stronger ladder than this. Didn't you see how it swayed with that little boy, and you expect me to mount a thing like that?"

"Look, lady, I know you are a little heavier than the boy, or the car wouldn't have stalled--riding a roller coaster at your age--I've been running this thing for fifteen years and nothing like this has happened before. Open your eyes, lady, you aren't going to fall. I've got hold of you. Wow! What a grip!"

"Oh dear, it's swaying. It's really swaying now. The ground is so far away. Just three more steps and I'm down. I made it! I really made it! I'm on the ground. Don't you 'Dear Lady' me, Marion Gibbons. Where's the car? What a relief. Marion's car, of course. What? Who are you? The Press. No, I haven't anything to say to you. What I've got to say, I'll say to my family. Well, if you must print something, just say, 'Grandma suspended in mid-air for an hour says 'there's no fool like an old fool.' Well, here's the car. What a relief. No, I just want to go home. I've seen enough of the carnival, and from where I sat, I saw it all. (sighs) At last we're on the road home. Just don't say anything any of you, now, or to any of the other kids. I just want to shut my eyes and pretend it never happened. All of those people! Marion, stop the car! My purse is gone. Oh no, it's in the roller coaster. Don't you say a word, Marion Gibbons. I don't care if it is eight miles back. All of our money and our train tickets are in that purse. I just hope the purse is still where I left it--ten miles in the air--and you have to climb up and get it!"

MOM'S HOME LIFE

Given by Claudia Whiting
Written by LaVelle DeSpain

Volumes could be written about my mother's eight brothers and sisters and I hope some day she finds the time and ambition to write a book about their childhood and devilish antics. Heaven knows, she would have a world of choice material. How Grandma ever survived, I'll never know, but I'm sure she'll have her reward.

There was the time Grandma and Aunt Norma were in the upper lot picking currants and Old Jersey, Grandpa's favorite milk cow, came thundering through the lot like a mad bull. Grandma threw bucket, stool, currants and all at Jersey, but this didn't phase her. With a bellowing "Moo", Jersey was ready for the chase. Around and around the currant bushes the three of them went, Aunt Norma bringing up the rear with Jersey breathing down her neck. Grandma frantically called for help and tried to persuade Mom and Aunt Katy to run interference for them, but it, too, was of no avail. Desperate and weak, they decided to make a run for it. The back door was open and Grandma and Aunt Norma just made it. Jersey would have made it, too, but her horns stopped her.

The good old days were really good, to hear them tell it. One of their favorite games was hide and seek. That was, until the fateful day Aunt Norma slipped and fell. Desperate for a place to hide, she had a brain storm. They would never, ever find her, she chuckled, as she carefully sought a safe footing beneath the two holer of the old outhouse. Everything went well after she finally managed to get her hips, shoulders and last her head through the hole, but, alas, this didn't

last long. One slip of the foot and poor Aunt Norma was up to her neck in---well, trouble. Between sobs and wailing, Grandma came to her rescue. Peering through the two holer, Grandma gasped in horror, "Just leave her there. I don't want her."

Poor Grandma, it seems, was always the butt of their jokes and a good sport, I must say. There was a time when Grandma rode through Main Street, not by choice, perched on the trunk rack of the family car. Trying to keep her feet from dragging, her face covered by her apron, and her hair blowing, she would knock on the window and in a weak but authoritative voice, she would say, "You devilish kids, stop this car. I'm your mother. Now stop, I say." Did they stop? Not my Mom's family. They only circled around and went through Main Street again. Poor Grandma, all she was trying to do was to stop them from going swimming without her supervision. Running out of the house, she had cried, "Just a minute, don't leave me, I want to go," but her plea was ignored so she grabbed the trunk rack.

I have heard of people eating all sorts of things, but never before have I heard of anyone eating---well, on with my story. It seems Grandma sent Mom to the store for a loaf of bread. As a reward she gave her a nickel for a candy bar. Mom came sauntering home with her purchase and munching on her candy bar. She noticed some rabbit hutches, and the little clusters of rabbit manure resembled the nut clusters in her candy bar. She picked them up. As she opened the back door, she spied the chocolate frosting bowl. With knife in hand, Mom draped her rabbit clusters with chocolate frosting. It looked almost like the candy bar she had just devoured. Who should appear on the scene at that very moment but Grandma. Now, Mom didn't intend Grandma as her first victim, or so she says, but I doubt it. Grandma was hungry (as it was Fast Sunday) so she plead with Mom for just one bite. After much coaxing, Mom reluctantly handed Grandma the

fake candy. The first few bites weren't bad, but when her teeth clamped through the dry manure, Grandma realized what it was. She gagged, she coughed and spit the green center of her candy bar. She then chased Mom around and around the old oak table. To this day, Grandma has never eaten a nut cluster.

Most parents tuck their children in bed and heave a sigh of relief as they anticipate the blessed solitude they desire. But not so with Grandpa and Grandma's eight kids. They talked and walked in their sleep all night. There was a time when a neighbor called at four in the morning to say his wife nearly had a heart attack when she switched on the bathroom light and to her horror found Aunt Norma sleeping soundly in their bathtub. Or the time Aunt Helen (or was it Aunt Katy?) lost her beau, when Uncle Jack (about 8 years old) walked in wild-eyed, in torn pajamas, and was trying to pick flowers off the flowered linoleum. This was bad enough, but when Grandpa appeared on the scene a few minutes later in his long-handles to rescue Uncle Jack, this was the last straw. Aunt Helen's boyfriend left, never to return. Aunt Helen went to bed in tears.

Grandma played many roles when she was raising her family. She was a nurse, a family counselor, seamstress, cook, wall paper hanger, a gardener, a cleaning lady and lastly a veterinarian. This role she didn't savor and only played it in desperation. Animals get sick just like human beings, you know; they have stomach trouble, worms, fleas, ticks, kidney trouble. The female, of course, went through a pregnancy to the inevitable delivery.

Grandma doctored all the animals so frequently she could diagnose any symptom and knew when to prescribe Epsom Salts, flea powder, warm lard or tie the cord. She not only prescribed, but she herself administered these vital drugs, and, of course, acting in the capacity of a vet she needed an assistant, and when

Grandpa wasn't on hand, she chose Uncle Jack. He was a fine assistant but for two factors--a weak stomach and too soft a heart. When they lost an animal, I am told, Uncle Jack would cry big alligator tears and for days suffered such deep depression, he wouldn't talk, wouldn't eat and when he did sleep, it was so fitful he was even known to have jumped through a window. Later while the doctor was sewing the lacerations in his arm, he said he dreamed he heard old Jersey moan (it was really Uncle Max snoring) and he could tell by her urgency that she was just about to deliver and in his haste to assist her, jumped through the window.

Uncle Jack didn't mind any of his duties as an assistant except when Grandma diagnosed the ailment as constipation and he knew after Grandma had tried Epsom Salts, Ex-Lax and Feenamint without success, that as a last resort, the enema was inevitable.

One morning bright and early, Grandma summoned Uncle Jack from a warm bed and together they went up to the old pigpen, Grandma leading the way and holding the red water bag, while Uncle Jack followed reluctantly behind holding the long red cord. They almost looked like something out of Ben Casey. But they weren't alone. Sensing the urgency in Grandma's voice as she tried to talk in whispers, the rest of the household was soon alerted and joined the procession up to the pigpen, staying well in the background because if Grandma had suspected she had an audience of seven anxious children, she would have had them all back in their beds.

What a hero Uncle Jack must have been in the eyes of his brothers and sisters as he climbed over the old fence and went immediately to old Roscoe, rubbing and patting her and reassuring her that all would be well and at the same time bracing himself for the messy job ahead! Meanwhile, back at the tamarak grove and the seven children--a prayer circle for old Roscoe was being held. This pig just had to live. She was to be the

source of their meat for the long winter ahead and even though they hated to see their beloved pig slaughtered and almost felt like cannibals eating the meat from her bones, they felt that Roscoe would understand. A cloud of gloom seemed to hang over the old pigpen as Roscoe only moaned and groaned when Grandma and Uncle Jack tried to relieve her suffering. They knew this couldn't go on much longer or they would lose Roscoe.

After a pitiful pleading moan, followed by a scream of anguish, Operation "PIG" was underway. Uncle Jack must have looked ten feet tall to his admiring brothers and sisters. He stood as a pillar of strength in the middle of the pigpen, syringe in one hand and vaseline in the other. He had the situation under control to such an extent that an air of well-being seemed to radiate the very area of the old pigpen. For the first time since Grandma and Uncle Jack arrived at the pigpen, old Roscoe stopped moaning and opened her eyes and one could almost detect a faint smile cross her face as if to say, "Thank you, you two angels of mercy. I knew you could help me." Urgency without hesitation, now, as every precious moment was vital. A lull and then a prayer was in the heart of all present as Uncle Jack inserted the syringe.

Little Grandma stood holding the water bag over her head while tears of gratitude streamed down her cheeks. She knew that they had saved a life once again and her children wouldn't go hungry for meat the coming winter.

After what seemed like hours, old Roscoe rallied enough that she stood on all fours, retired to the corner of the pigpen--the place that said "Women Only" and there a miracle happened. Old Roscoe found relief. Old Roscoe would live!

It was then all seven children rushed over to view this miracle, stroke their precious Roscoe and shake the hands of their brother who could perform miracles and give relief, while Grandma quietly picked up the instruments and with a prayer of thanksgiving in her heart, they all walked down the much trodden path to the house and breakfast. That is, all but Uncle Jack, who wasn't feeling too well and was leaning against the old out-house, a bit green and billious. He would eat much later, if at all, that day.

(Doesn't Aunt Velle know how to tell a good story?)

Young At Heart

Tune Uke
A D F# B

Slowly

Piano introduction in B major, 4/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and triplets, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *mp* and *mf*.

Vocal entry and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is in B major with slurs and triplets. The piano accompaniment is in B major. Chords B^b and $E \dim$ are indicated above the vocal line. Dynamics include *mp*.

Fair-y tales—can come true,— it can hap-pen to you— if you're

Piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The piano part continues with slurs and triplets. Chords $Cm7$, $F7$, and $Cm7$ are indicated above the vocal line. Dynamics include *p* and *mp*.

YOUNG AT HEART For it's hard,— you will find,— to be

Piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The piano part continues with slurs and triplets. Chords $F7$, $F9$, $F+9$, and B^b are indicated above the vocal line. Dynamics include *p* and *mp*.

nar-row of mind— if you're YOUNG AT HEART. You can

Fm6 G7 Fm6 G7 G+7 C9 C7
 go — to ex-tremes with im - pos-si-ble schemes, you can laugh when your dreams fall a -

C9 C7 F7 B dim F7 B dim F7 Cm7 F9
 part at the seams and life gets more ex-cit - ing with each pass - ing day, — and

Bb6 F#dim Bb6 F#7 Cm7 F7 Bb
 love is eith - er in your heart or on the way. Don't you know that it's worth ev-'ry

E dim Cm7 F7 Cm7
 trea-sure on earth — to be YOUNG AT HEART. — For, as rich — as you are, — it's much

p *mp*

Memories





MEMORIES

It seems that a fitting closing tribute to Dad is this prayer which he wrote and gave to Mom. Dad wrote a morning and evening prayer. These are combined in the following prayer, losing only the duplications. Every familiar phrase brings up visions of Dad praying with his family. He had such faith in prayer. When something needed praying about, he often rode off in his beloved car to get it done. This is a typical "Daddy" prayer.

May our Father in Heaven grant that this sweet memory of our Dad, together with all those expressed in this book and those in our hearts, might help us to live worthy and useful lives.

Mom and eight grateful children
and their families.

Dad's Prayer

Dear Father who dwells in the heavens above, I present myself before Thee to render unto Thee the love and gratitude that fills my heart for the many kindnesses and blessings I am enjoying at Thy merciful and bountiful hands. I am grateful for life, health and strength, for the Gospel and for the desires I have to serve Thee.

I am grateful for the sweet night's rest I have had and for the light of this beautiful day, and when it has come and gone, may I thank Thee for the part and portion I have had therein. Bless me during this day that I may have Thy spirit to be with me. May I enjoy Thy kind and loving direction, inspiration and protection throughout

my waking hours. May Thy spirit mark the path and point the way that my feet must trod this day, that I may return into Thy presence with honor and Celestial Glory. Account this day's life to my everlasting credit. May it bring me one step nearer the remission of my daily sins, and the redemption and exaltation of my immortal soul in Thy Celestial Kingdom.

Help me to present to Thee this day a broken heart and a contrite spirit, that the gates of hell may be shut continually before me. Help me to live this day in such a way that I may add to my faith, my humility, my meekness, my lowliness of heart, and add to my power and strength to resist temptation and to overcome evil. Help me this day to exercise faith sufficient that my weaknesses may turn to strength even as Thou has promised.

Dear God, wilt Thou open the windows of my soul that a flood of light and truth may enter therein. Encircle me round with the robe of Thy righteousness. Dear Lord, wilt Thou redeem my soul. Give me the eyes to see, and the ears to hear and the heart to comprehend more fully than I now do, the beauty, the grandeur, the majesty and power of this great plan of life and salvation even the Everlasting Gospel. Open wide my eyes, extend my vision, and quicken my understanding that I may be able to know and realize more fully how priceless is a knowledge and testimony of the divinity of this, Thy work.

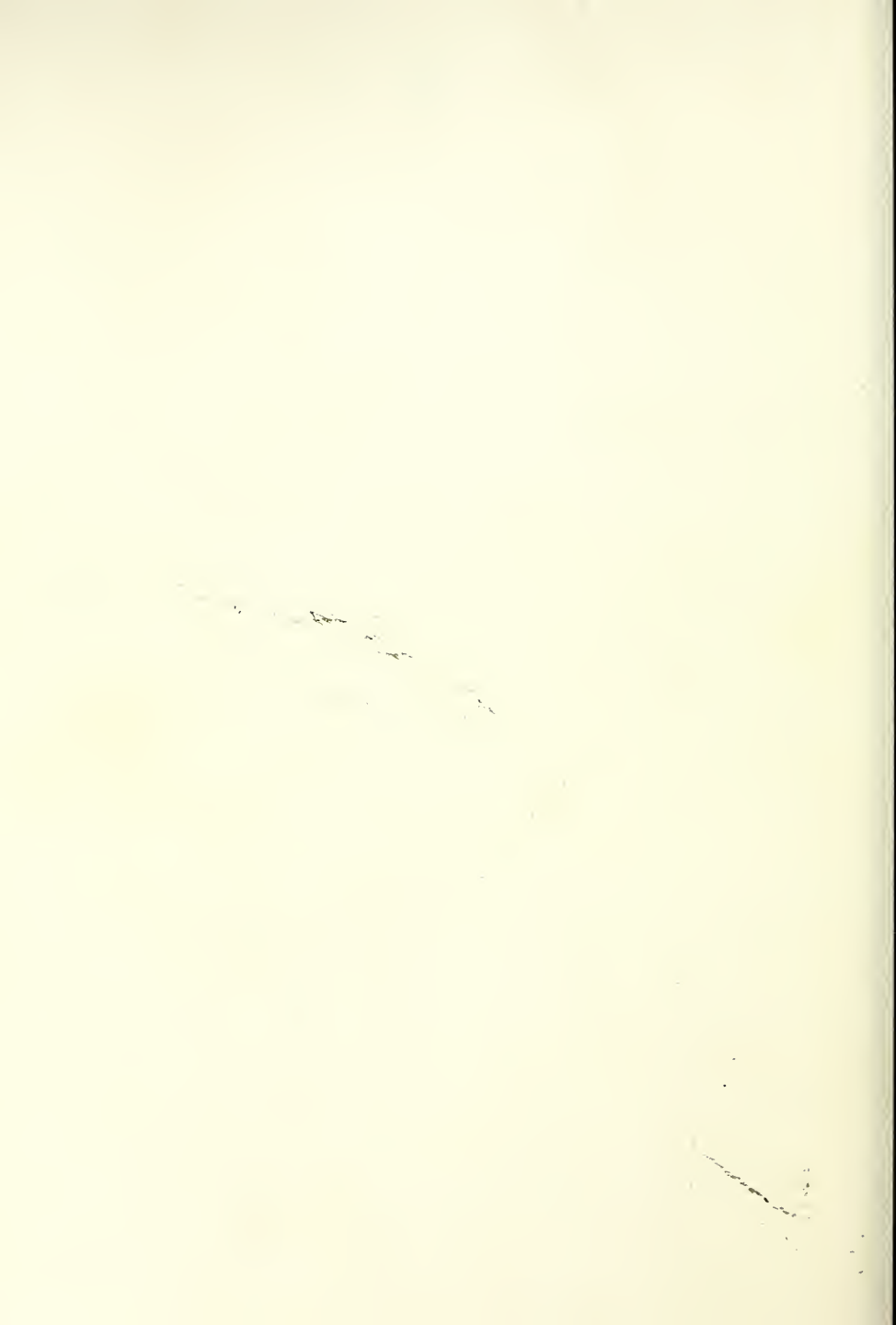
I am grateful for the lovely family Thou hast given me; for indeed Thou has blessed me most abundantly in this matter. Bless these my dear ones with every blessing that I have asked for myself. May they be led to seek forgiveness of all their sins, and wilt Thou forgive them. May they be wrought upon by the might and power of Thy Holy Spirit, and stirred up to a remembrance of their duties and responsibilities in the New and Everlasting Covenant under which they have been born. Bless them and their companions and their children with every

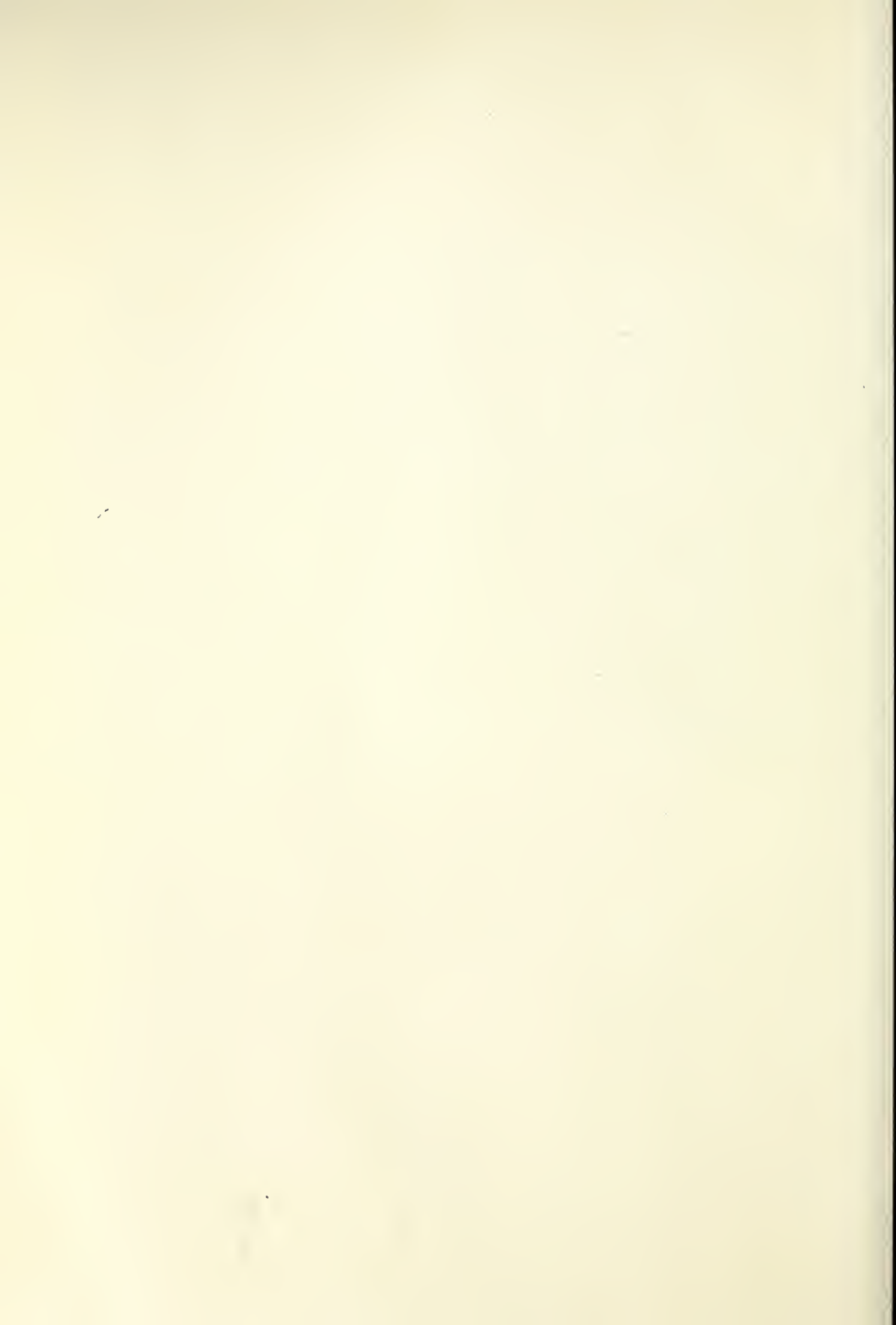
blessing that they need, both spiritual and temporal.
Above all, Father, wilt Thou bless them that they may
serve Thee more diligently each day.

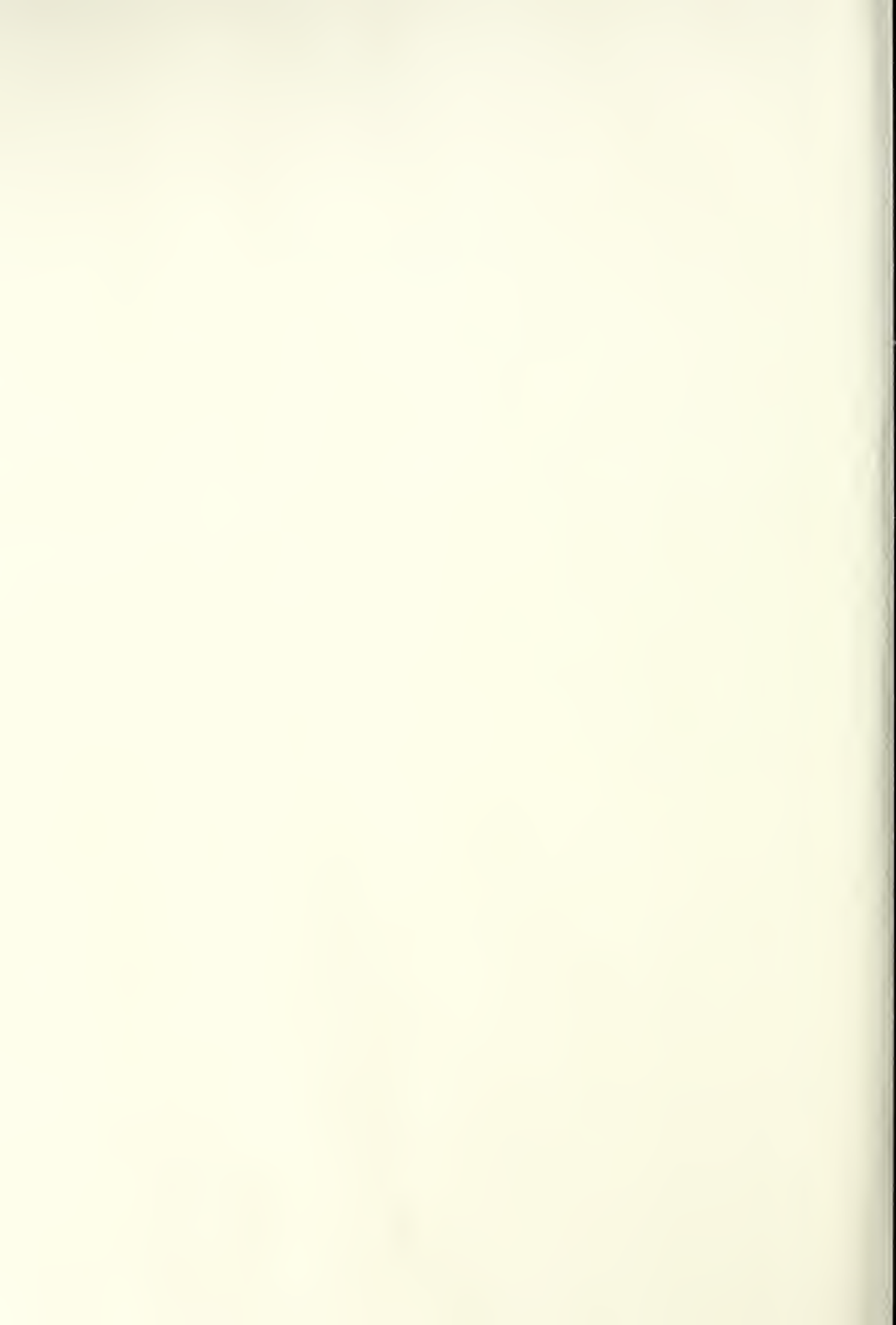
Dear Father, let Thy Spirit prepare my way before
me.

Amen.











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